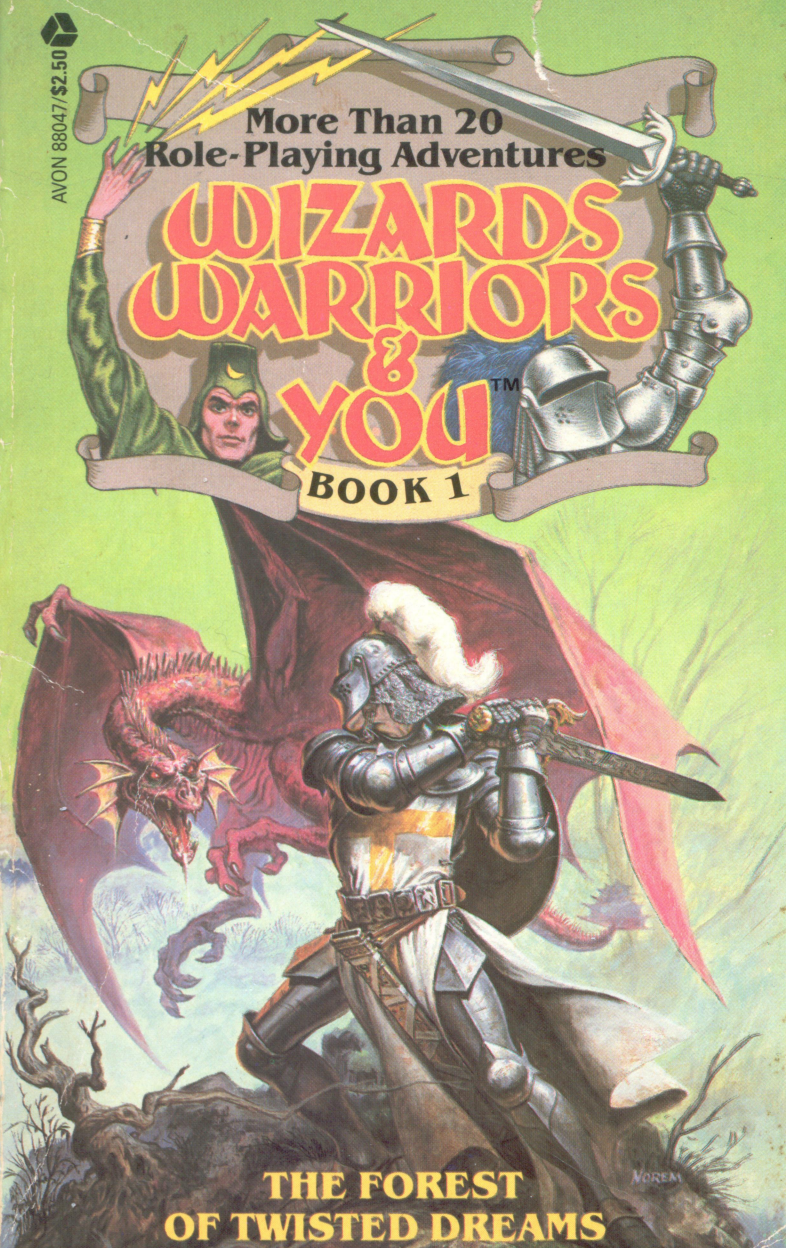


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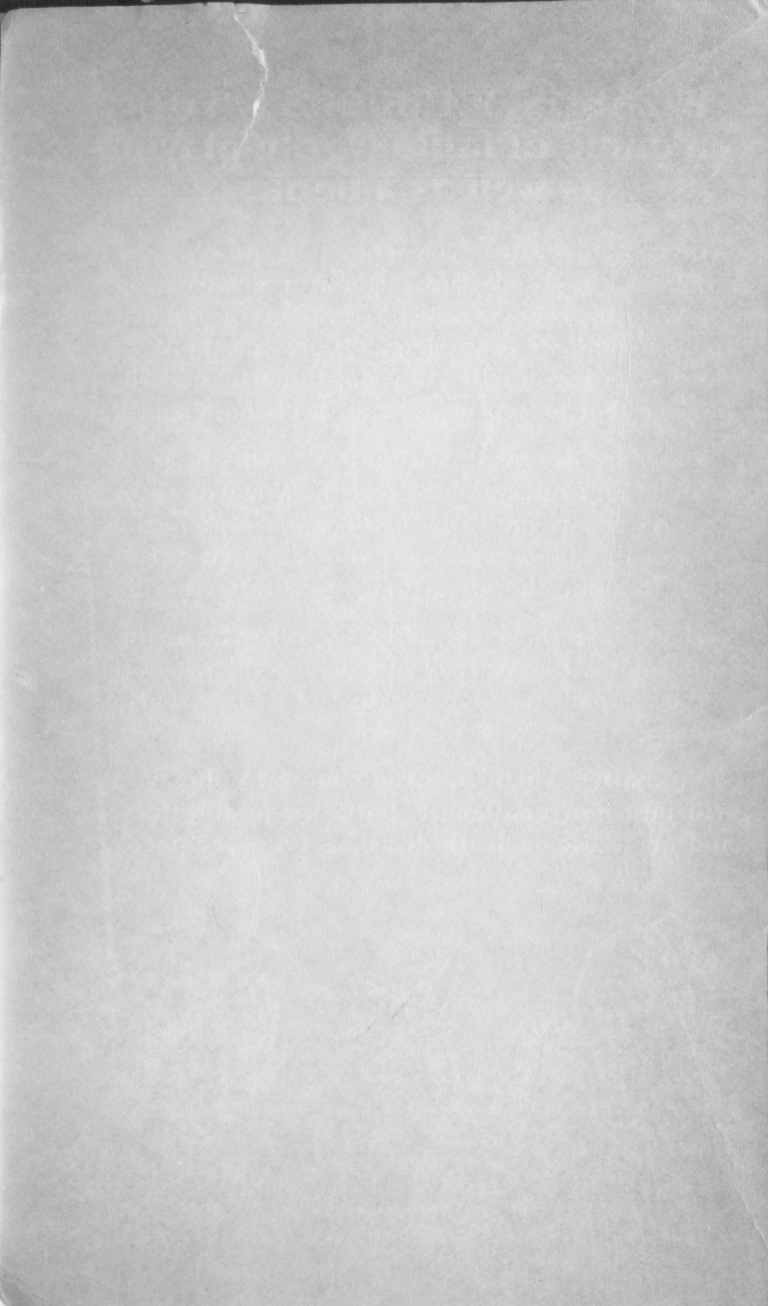
WIZARDS WARRIORS & YOU™

BOOK 1



THE FOREST
OF TWISTED DREAMS

NOREM



WIZARDS, WARRIORS & YOU™

BOOK 1

The Forest of Twisted Dreams

by R. L. Stine

illustrated by Earl Norem

A Parachute Press Book



AVON

PUBLISHERS OF BARD, CAMELOT, DISCUS AND FLARE BOOKS

WIZARDS, WARRIORS & YOU

**is a game of fantasy role-playing
as well as a book.**

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There are dozens of adventures in this book. If you choose to play the role of the Wizard, all of the mysterious spells in *The Book of Spells* at the back of this book will be at your command. Use them to guide the Wizard past peril after peril.

Then close the book and start all over again, this time as the Warrior. Try your skill with all of the weapons listed in *The Book of Weapons*, also found at the back of this book.

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The challenges of this world are many. For there are always those—human and nonhuman—who would destroy the Wizard and the Warrior and the world they protect.

In this book, you will enter the unpredictable world of the Wizard and the Warrior. You will enter the world—and you will become part of it.

If you make the right decisions, the Wizard and the Warrior will succeed in their quest, and their legend will live on. If you make the wrong choices, their bright legend will dim, and you will find yourself trapped in a world of unimagined horrors.

The Journey into the world of *WIZARDS, WARRIORS AND YOU* begins on PAGE 1.



et it be known that the terrifying tales of all that came to pass for the Wizard and the Warrior in the Forest of Twisted Dreams are true — and that the adventure began on a brisk autumn day in the eighth year of the reign of King Henry in the courtyard of Silvergate, his castle.

The Wizard and the Warrior were only bystanders in a rowdy crowd of knights and castle dwellers on that long ago tournament day. Drawn by the clang of lance against shield, they applauded and jeered with the others. They didn't realize their time as bystanders was drawing to a close.

A strong wind came up from the north, battering the pennants above the castle courtyard. But the cheers and taunts of the crowd below drowned out the sounds of the fluttering pennants. The Wizard and the Warrior pushed through the crowd to get a better view of the competition.

"AAAAAAIIIIIIIIII!"

— Sir Madigan screamed and fell backward off his horse. Sir Dawkins, victorious, raised his lance in the air. Sir Madigan's squire ran out to collect his fallen master.

"He'll be sitting up by evening," the Warrior said to the Wizard, a smile breaking across his



usually somber face. "It isn't like Sir Madigan to miss a feast."

The crowd laughed at the poor squire's struggles to drag off the rotund Sir Madigan. Then King Henry stood up, and the courtyard grew silent.

"The tournament has ended, but our celebration has just begun," the King announced. He held up an object wrapped in a covering of precious fur. "Here for all to see is the treasure won during the Three Years' War," he continued. The King's voice was steady and proud, but all in attendance knew his sorrow for the men lost in that war. He spoke again: "I unveil it to you now because it belongs to all of you. The Magic Helmet of Cornwall—believed by many to have been forged by Merlin's own hand—now belongs to the kingdom."

King Henry unveiled the helmet and held it high above his head. It glowed golden in the autumn sun. The courtyard was silent.

Silent . . . except for the distant rumble of horses' hooves. The rumble soon became a roar.

"What horsemen dare to interrupt our ceremony?" King Henry cried angrily.

But these were no ordinary horsemen who interrupted the King's ceremony on that day.

They had come from the Kingdom of Giants: men twice the size of normal men, riding mammoth horses, carrying giant swords that could slice through an armored knight as easily as a knife cuts through a loaf of bread.

"Stop them!" Sir Dawkins cried, his blood still fired by his victory over Sir Madigan. "Stop them before they steal the Magic Helmet!"

But few even heard his command. Seconds later

he was trampled by a giant black horse, his voice silenced, his silver lance stilled forever.

King Henry's knights were prepared that day for games, not battle. They were no match for the giant marauders who grabbed the treasured helmet from the King's hands, turned their monstrous steeds, and thundered back in the direction of their kingdom.

A few hours later came troubled evening. The tournament field lay dark and silent. The call of a lone falcon cut through the chill, then was carried off by the gusting wind. The great dining hall sat empty. The feast had been canceled. Knights paced the floors of their chambers in anger, sharpening their weapons in anticipation of the battle to come.

But the battle against the invading giants would not be their battle. As the tale is told, it became the battle of the Wizard and the Warrior.

Summoned to the King's chamber, they were greeted by their saddened sovereign. "No army of knights can succeed against these giants," King Henry told them in a voice that quavered with emotion. "No army has ever been able to enter the Kingdom of Giants. This foe can only be defeated by stealth, by cunning—and by magic."

The sadness in the King's eyes turned to steel. "This is *your* mission now," he told the Wizard and the Warrior. "You must enter the Kingdom of Giants, win back the Magic Helmet of Cornwall, and return it to us."

"Excellency," said the Warrior without hesitation, "we will not fail you." The Wizard solemnly nodded agreement.

Thus the tale begins. The story now becomes *your* story, the mission becomes *your* mission. The time has come for you to choose the role you wish to play.

Will you take the part of the WIZARD or the WARRIOR? Make your choice now.

If you choose to be the Wizard, turn to PAGE 8.

If you choose to be the Warrior, turn to PAGE 10.

If you picked 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, or 10, turn to PAGE 48.

If you picked 4 or 7, keep reading on this page.

The horse-beasts continue to sniff and paw the ground. They walk in slow circles, their confused masters trying to explain what has happened.

Suddenly a Mandroth cries, "There they are!"

They turn their heads and face you. The horses prepare to attack again.

"I fear my spell was short-lived," the Wizard says. You two are no longer invisible. Your sword must go to work again.

Or must it?

"Let us leave this place," a Mandroth cries. He lowers his steed so that two of his men who have lost their horses can mount behind him. "We have earned our pay. The giants cannot ask us to battle against men who appear and disappear before our eyes."

"Away!" The cry echoes among the Mandroths. They turn and ride back toward the forest.

You have survived this first challenge. Now ride onward toward the forest.

Turn to PAGE 50.

FLASH!

The sky glows red. All sounds stop.

Has your spell worked? Have you managed to plant a vision in the mind of the Wizard of the Wild? Will he continue to see you and the Warrior standing before him—even when you are no longer there?

You turn to the Warrior. "There is only one way to find out if the spell has worked. You must run!"

"You will learn to like it here in the forest," the evil wizard is saying. "And you will learn to like obeying my commands."

"Keep running!" you yell to the Warrior.

Your spell has worked. The evil wizard's whitened eyes stare straight ahead at the spot where you stood moments before. "We must hurry," you tell the Warrior, "for there is no telling how long the vision will last."

You brace yourself against a tree trunk to prepare to run again.

Your hand feels solid wood. The tree is real!

You reach down and pick up a handful of grass. You touch the ground, a bush, another tree.

Your spell has done more than you hoped. Since the Wizard of the Wild is no longer concentrating on what is real—since his mind has been clouded by *your* illusion—*his* illusion has slipped away.

You can now cross to the Kingdom of Giants on
PAGE 80.

Instructions for the Wizard:

Battling the thieves from the Kingdom of Giants will require your most astonishing and powerful magical spells. All of your years as a wizard will be tested by these inhuman foes.

At the back of this book, on page 97, you will find a book of all the magical spells your wizardry has taught you to perform. Turn now to *The Book of Spells*. Read them over quickly to give you an idea of the powers you possess.

Then you will turn to PAGE 16 to begin your treacherous journey.



The longbow and poison-tipped arrows can be an effective weapon against these attacking Mandroths—but you must be accurate. One miss, and you will be swarmed over by the ferocious horse-beasts and devoured.

If you can make three or more hits, you will frighten these six-legged killers, and they will turn and flee, carrying their masters with them.

Flip a coin four times. If it comes up heads three times out of four, you have used your bow and arrows accurately. You have killed three horses. The Mandroths have fled. Continue your adventure on PAGE 50.

If it comes up tails three times out of four, it also means you have used your bow and arrows accurately. You have killed three horses and caused the Mandroths to flee in fear. Continue your adventure on PAGE 50.

You must get three heads or three tails out of four. If you do not, your bow has failed you. But you still have a chance!

If you are also carrying the triple crossbow, and have not already used it, turn to PAGE 34 and continue your fight.

If you are also carrying the double-pointed mace, and have not already used it, turn to PAGE 46 and continue your fight.

If you did not choose to take along these weapons, or if they too have already failed you, the Mandroths have claimed another victim. Close the book. Begin again when you are ready to reenter the world of *WIZARDS, WARRIORS AND YOU*.

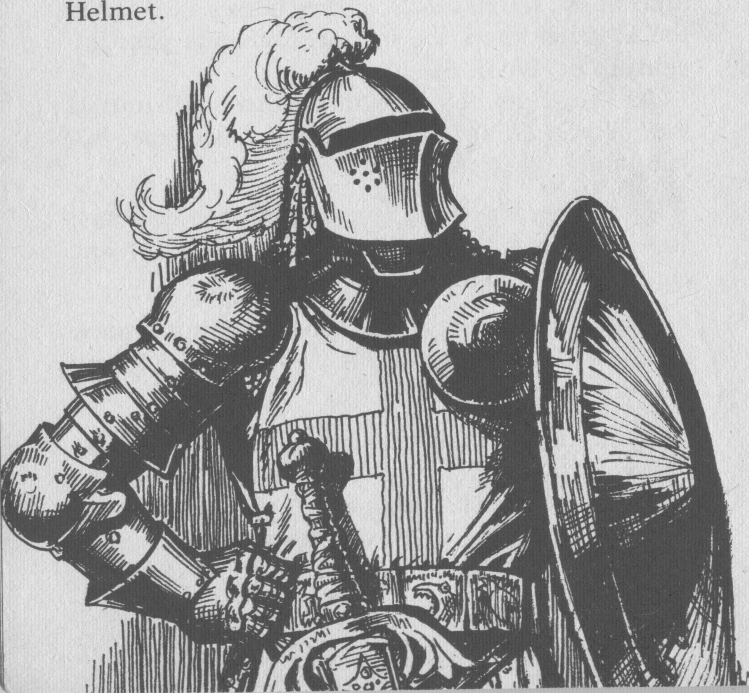
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Instructions for the Warrior:

As a one-person army going up against soldiers who are twice your size, you will soon be in for the fight of your life. Luckily, your horse is fast and strong, and your supply of weaponry is the envy of all the knights in the kingdom.

At the back of this book, on page 101, you will find a book of all the weapons you possess. Turn now to *The Book of Weapons*. You may take *only three* weapons, in addition to the Sword of the Golden Lion, with you on your mission. Read the list—then choose carefully. Decide which three weapons you will take.

Turn to PAGE 12 to begin your quest for the Magic Helmet.



Just as his back is about to touch the net of living souls, the fisherman springs forward.

You start to fall back, to duck away, but you are not fast enough.

His powerful hands grab your shoulders, lift you off the ground, thrust you headfirst into the net.

The air is filled with the cries of the horrified prisoners of the net. The Wizard's cries have joined the others. And now you, too, have become part of the fisherman's hideous, prized possession.

Among this tangle, this pitiful web of lost souls, you are doomed to spend your days. . .

. . . unless you close the book and begin another journey.

END

The Sword of the Golden Lion slides easily into its jeweled scabbard. You pull yourself up onto your horse and signal to your companion, the Wizard, that you are ready to begin your journey.

In a few minutes, the castle walls are behind you. The morning haze hasn't lifted yet, but every once in a while the air grows clear, and you can see the forest on the far horizon.

"We are two to battle an army of giants," the Wizard says quietly. "Your sword and my magic will be tested many times over before this mission is accomplished."

You nod agreement. Your thoughts are not on the giants, but on the dangers that await you before you even come near them.

The Forest of Twisted Dreams is a forest of mystery, for few have dared to enter it. According to the legends, it is an enchanted wood, inhabited by dark spirits, moon-worshipping sorcerers, and creatures who dare not show themselves in the light of day. Nothing is as it seems in this place, and the dangers are as plentiful as the gnarled and twisted trees.

As the morning haze begins to lift, you see another cloud, a cloud that hovers along the ground, and then grows larger, closer. It is a cloud of riders.

"Someone approaches, and I would venture that they are not friendly," the Wizard cries.

"The giants may have left behind an army to greet anyone who dares to follow them," you say. And you are correct.

"MANDROTHS!"

Go on to PAGE 13.

A horde of Mandroths, the giants' loathsome paid killers, are riding toward you on the six-legged, man-eating horse-beasts that make them such deadly foes. They have been hired to keep you out of the forest.

Soon they will overtake you!

What weapons will you need to battle these Mandroths and their fierce horses? You have only a few seconds to prepare.

If you are carrying the triple crossbow (Weapon #3), the longbow and poison-tipped arrows (Weapon #6), or the double-pointed mace (Weapon #8), you have chosen wisely. Now you must use them well.

If you are ready to do battle against the Mandroths with the triple crossbow, turn to PAGE 34.

If you are ready to do battle against the Mandroths with the longbow and poison-tipped arrows, turn to PAGE 9.

If you are ready to do battle against the Mandroths with the double-pointed mace, turn to PAGE 46.

If you have *not* brought any of these weapons on this journey, you must do battle using the Sword of the Golden Lion alone. Raise it high, and turn to PAGE 28.

FLASH!

The trees shake. Birds fall from their nests. Clouds collide and break apart.

Your spell worked. The magical forces have encircled you and the Warrior inside the Invisible Shield.

The wolves soar in the air and then dive toward you, their paws outstretched, their jagged teeth bared. You duck and twist out of the way. You cannot help it. They're coming right at you! But you know you must stand perfectly still or the Invisible Shield will fall away.

One by one they crash into the shield with a force that shakes the ground. They are flying too fast to stop. Each wolf dies instantly upon collision.

You and the Warrior take a few steps forward, and the Invisible Shield falls away. The Warrior gives you a smile. "No time to congratulate ourselves," you say. "We'd best make our way to the forest as quickly as possible. Without horses, we will be lucky to get there by nightfall."

You and your companion walk quickly through the high grass.

"HELLLLLLLP!"

Suddenly the ground seems to open. You both fall down, down, down into the wet, black depths of a pit more than 300 feet deep.

Is there a way out?

Turn to PAGE 24.

The morning star is a deadly weapon. And never has it been more deadly in your hands.

Perhaps it is the size of your opponent that causes you to use it with such fury. Perhaps it is the desperation of having to fight for your life in the Kingdom of Giants, against an opponent who must be killed not once, but twice!

Whatever the reason, your morning star serves you well. Helvdor the Unconquerable lies conquered at your feet.

Now—in this strangest of battles—you must conquer him once again before victory is truly yours.

•The Sword of the Golden Lion slides easily out of its scabbard. Helvdor rises—from the dead!—and draws his sword high above his head. His face is red from anger. He does not intend to be defeated again.

This may be the toughest challenge your sword has ever had to face. Can you kill Helvdor a second time?

Flip a coin seven times.

If you come up with heads four or more times, turn to PAGE 94.

If you come up with tails four or more times, turn to PAGE 89.

It is dawn as you and your companion, the Warrior, climb onto your horses and head toward the castle gate. The sun is still low beyond the castle. A strong wind forces the horses to lower their heads and plod more slowly. You ride in silence until the castle wall is far behind you.

Then you turn to the Warrior. "Two to conquer an army of giants," you say quietly.

"Will we ever see the giants?" the Warrior asks. You keep your eyes on the horizon. Your thoughts are not entirely on the conversation. "To get to the Kingdom of Giants, we must cross through the Forest of Twisted Dreams."

Just saying the name of that place makes a chill run down your back. Is your magic equal to the evil magic of this mysterious forest? You wonder. "You are well armed," you tell the Warrior, trying to reassure yourself.

"What good are weapons against demons and sorcerers?" he cries, turning to look into your eyes for the first time since you began your journey. "I needn't tell you that this is a forest of nightmares."

You start to reply, but suddenly your horse rears up, whinnying in terror. You grasp the reins and struggle to see what has frightened it.

A shadow crosses the sky. Another. You hear the flapping of giant wings.

"Look!" the Warrior cries, trying to calm the terrified horses. "The giants wanted to make sure no one followed them!"

You look up to see the sky filled with huge, winged wolves!

They are flying in formation, swooping upward, then menacingly arcing downward, then up again, then down, flying lower, closer each time. The winged monsters snarl at you. Your horse rears back and throws you to the ground.

"Let the horses go!" the Warrior cries, jumping down off his horse. "The wolves will attack them first!"

The Warrior is right. Before the horses can gallop a hundred yards, a pack of wolves, their wings beating furiously, swoops down and tears them apart.

"Your weapons are of no use against these beasts!" you shout to the Warrior. "I will use my magic, or we will never reach the forest!"

You must use your powers to escape from the winged wolves.

Which spell will work? #5? #7? #11? Go to *The Book of Spells*. Read them over and choose one. Hurry!!

If you chose Spell #5, Invisible Shield, turn to PAGE 14.

If you chose Spell #7, Sorcerer's Sleep, turn to PAGE 22.

If you chose Spell #11, Shrink, turn to PAGE 32.

You awake at daybreak, and watch the sky go from black to dark gray. Is it possible that no sunlight ever penetrates this evil ground?

You wake the Wizard, and the two of you stumble forward over the matted forest floor. The ground is rocky at first, covered with clumps of dirt and small, hard pebbles. But as you walk, the ground becomes softer.

You soon find yourself stepping through thick, red mud. "How strange," you mutter, for red earth is foreign to the kingdom that you know.

The going becomes harder as the red mud becomes softer, wetter, stickier. "Perhaps we had better turn back and try to go around this muddy area," you say.

But it is too late to turn around. You discover to your horror that you are stuck—trapped in a deep pit of mud too soft to hold your weight.

You struggle to free yourself.

But you are being sucked down!

You are sinking, sinking deep into the red, clotted earth.

Quick—turn to PAGE 58!



You close your robes and begin to summon up the Invisibility spell. But the wolves attack before you can begin.

They bite and claw. Their efforts are annoying at first, and then painful. You and your companion try to brush them away, but they keep coming. You try to run, but they have circled your legs. You are surrounded by the biting, clawing creatures.

The magic seems to have run out. The legend of the Wizard and the Warrior ends here.

There is only one kind of magic that can save you now. The magic of closing this book, then opening it again, and starting a new adventure.

END

Evening is approaching as you step toward the first jagged line of trees. A chill descends suddenly as the sun drops behind the low boughs. Slumbering bats flutter to life. Owls call a warning that the creatures of the night are beginning to stir.

"Perhaps we should camp here and begin our travel through this cursed place in daylight," the Wizard suggests.

"If we travel at night, we may be able to get through unseen," you reply. "In daylight, we may be spotted from any tree or clearing."

"But in daylight, many evil forces must sleep," the Wizard argues. "Much dark magic must shrink from the light of the sun. Daylight may mean a bit more safety for us."

The decision is yours. Should you wait until morning to begin your dangerous journey? Or should you try to sneak through the forest in the dark of night?

If you choose to wait until daylight, turn to PAGE 18.

If you choose to journey through the night, turn to PAGE 30.

You draw your robes around you to begin your spellcasting, to summon the forces of magic to do your bidding. You close your eyes and begin to chant the familiar but always thrilling words of Sorcerer's Sleep.

The winged wolves fly in formation, ready to attack again. They swoop down low, their teeth bared, their powerful paws outstretched.

FLASH!

The sky turns red, then yellow. Birds shriek. The trees bend and shake.

When the powerful waves of your spellcasting subside, you watch the wolves slowly float to earth. They sleep as they float. They land gently and do not wake.

The Warrior still stands, sword drawn, and asks, "Are we safe?"

"Not yet," you explain. "This Sorcerer's Sleep spell is unpredictable. They may sleep for days—or for seconds."

"Let us hope they sleep for days," the Warrior says. "For without horses, we need time to reach the forest."

As you begin to walk toward the forest, you glance back constantly to see if the sleeping wolves are awakening.

Will you make it to the Forest of Twisted Dreams before the wolves awaken? The length of the spell is just a matter of luck.

To find out how long the wolves will sleep, flip a coin.

If it comes up heads, turn to PAGE 49.

If it comes up tails, turn to PAGE 41.

Your voice is too weak.

Your magic is too diminished.

The giants do not shrink.

You are captured before the final words of the unsuccessful spell are out of your mouth.

The Warrior grabs the Sword of the Golden Lion and puts up a short but valiant fight. But the angry giants are overpowering.

The giants' celebration continues as your quest ends. You survived the Forest of Twisted Dreams, but it had its revenge in the

END

The trap you've fallen in is deep, the blue sky a tiny square above your heads. In the pit the earth is soft and wet. Dark worms and crawling insects move under you as you struggle to your feet.

"The giants had little desire to be followed, it seems," the Warrior says wryly. "Once again, my friend, we must rely on your magic to remove us from this trap."

"I am grateful for your confidence," you say. "But my magic is weak from being called upon so much this day."

Quickly you decide to try Spell #2, Move Time Back. You are weary and aching all over from your fall. You try to concentrate. You begin the incantation, calling up the magic forces, using your wizardry as you have so many times in the past, to save your life and the life of your longtime partner.

Will your magic still be sound?

Turn to *The Book of Spells* at the back of this book. Refresh your memory about exactly what Spell #2 is. Then think of a number between one and six.

If you chose 1, 3, or 5, turn to PAGE 38.

If you chose 2, 4, or 6 turn to PAGE 43.

If you chose 2, 5, or 7, turn to PAGE 51.

If you chose 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, or 10, keep reading on this page.

The Warrior's sword cuts deeply, again and again, and each thrust draws more blood. The falcon shrieks in annoyance.

Its grip around your body begins to loosen. You gulp air and try to swing out of its grasp. You are free! You fall to the ground, roll, scramble away.

Your escape gives your champion new vigor. The Warrior slashes at the giant bird, avoiding its darting beak, the crush of its feathered wings. At last the Sword of the Golden Lion sinks deep into the falcon's chest.

The bird lets out a final cry, a cry that echoes off the trees. Then it falls onto its side, dead, the black eye unmoving, unseeing, as it stares up at the heavens.

The Warrior drops to the ground exhausted beyond description.

That's when the other two giant falcons appear above you. They heard the final cry of their hunting companion. Now they swoop down, eager for the meal he has left them.

That meal is *you*, of course.

Close the book, dear Wizard. Better luck in your other magical adventures.

END

"As long as I hold the Helmet, I have the strength of *ten* giants!" you boast, your sword flashing in front of you.

"Your *tongue* may have the strength of ten giants!" the king says, still laughing at you, still not recognizing you as a threat.

"I will fight you all!" you cry, hoping that your bold words will throw them off guard.

"There will be no need for that," the king says. "For all of us to fight one of your small size would bring disgrace to us."

"What is disgrace to a pack of thieves?" you shout, advancing toward the king.

"Your foul names mean nothing to us," the king replies. "We have our honor and we have our own laws. Helvdor the Unconquerable will meet you in battle. It will be a fair fight. You will not survive it, little knight, but it shall be a fair fight."

"And if I survive?" you ask.

"Take the Helmet and take your sleeping Wizard and go. We will not move to stop you—if you can defeat Helvdor."

All the giants in the chamber laugh at these words. They know there is no way you can defeat their champion.

But, of course, you must try.

Turn to PAGE 52.

FLASH!

The forest grass turns red, then green. Forest animals stand up on their hind legs and sniff the electric air.

Your spell has worked. You have summoned up a wind with the strength of a hurricane. The wind is powerful enough to blow away these enchanted rocks.

But unfortunately, it won't.

In this forest of twisted magic, spells do not always work as they do in normal places. The wind, once summoned, changes direction and turns itself on *you!*

The avalanche of rocks *and* the hurricane wind are foes you know you cannot defeat.

Quickly, you pull your robe tightly around you and cast the Move Time Back spell (#2).

FLASH!

The trees shriek in pain and sleeping animals crawl out of their holes.

Your magic has worked for you—just in time! You have moved time backward just enough to be able to go back to PAGE 47.

This time, choose Spell #1. And be grateful.

The Forest of Twisted Dreams doesn't offer many second chances.

The Mandroths are upon you already!

"I'll use my magic against these monsters who ride monsters!" you hear the Wizard cry.

But the Mandroths' killer steeds are too fast. Before the Wizard can cast a spell, the six-legged beasts charge in for the kill. The Wizard's horse, terrified, tries to rear up, but falls as it is slashed by the sharp hooves of these horses trained to slaughter. The Wizard is thrown to the ground. Out of your sight. Dead or alive? You're not sure, and you have no time right now to find out.

You raise your sword and swing it in a wide arc. You attack the horses—not the riders—for the six-legged beasts are their masters' only weapon.

Pointed teeth chop at you as you swing the Sword of the Golden Lion. SLASH! Your blade hits its target. A horse staggers, falls, its rider dropping to the ground beside it. SLASH! Your sword has taken another six-legged horse as its victim.

"EEEEEEEEEEEE!" Your horse shrieks in pain. The pointed teeth of one of the carnivorous beasts have drawn blood. You battle on, your arm wearying, surrounded by slashing hooves.

You swing the sword again and again. Where is the Wizard? You are about to give up hope when you hear your friend's powerful voice. "Stand perfectly still! Do not move! And do not speak!"

Has the Wizard lost his wits? Why would anyone command that you stop your attack?

You know from many past adventures that the Wizard is rarely wrong. You rein in your horse, sit motionless, and wait.

Go on to PAGE 29.

Suddenly the Mandroths' horse-beasts stop their attack. "What sorcery is this?" one horseman cries. "Has the earth swallowed up these foes?"

The horses paw the ground. The Mandroths circle the spot where you have been battling. They are searching for you, even though you stand right in their midst.

"I have cast the Invisibility spell on us," the Wizard whispers. "When they cannot find us, they will turn and ride away. There is only one problem with this spell. I cannot predict or control how long it will last. Let us hope that we remain invisible long enough for them to give up the fight."

How long will the spell last?

There is an 80 percent chance that it will last until the Mandroths leave. Pick a number between one and ten.

Then turn to PAGE 6.



A pale moon shimmers behind the clouds. "We have been delayed enough," you tell the Wizard. "I would prefer to take the giants by surprise, while they are still celebrating their victory."

And so you set forth in the darkness into the even darker forest.

As you make your way through the twisted trees, a flat, straight path seems to open up. You and your companion walk quickly, your eyes surveying your surroundings, alert for any danger, real or magical. As you move along the open path, red eyes of the night peer out at you from the trees. But no creature blocks your path or attempts to slow you.

"Someone has made our travels easy with this clear path," the Wizard says, after you have walked many miles.

"Too easy," you say quietly. "It is almost as if we are being led."

"I can sense dark forces at play here," the Wizard says. "The air is filled with spirits of evil. But they are being held back."

"I know we will soon find out why," you say. "Perhaps we should give up the ease of this clear path and take our chances in the cover of the trees."

"Evil will find us if it wishes to," the Wizard replies.

"Yes, but this path makes it too easy for our foes to find us," you say, starting to lead the way into the trees.

Go on to PAGE 31.

As you step off the smooth, flat path, your head comes up against something solid. You try to step off the path again.

BUMP.

"I cannot leave the path!" the Wizard cries. His body has met with the same resistance as yours.

"Someone has constructed an invisible wall," you say, still struggling, still pushing against whatever keeps you from leaving the path. "We appear to be prisoners of this path."

"No doubt we will soon learn who our warden is," the Wizard says, giving up his efforts to get into the forest.

It appears that you must follow the path after all.

Turn to PAGE 44.

You close your eyes and begin to cast a spell that will shrink the wolves down to the size of hornets. You wrap your robes around you, as you do each time you prepare to call upon the forces of magic. You chant the incantations you know so well. You must wait, wait for these strange, winged creatures to dip down close enough, wait for their attack, wait for just the right moment to—

FLASH!

Your spell cracks the air, shakes the ground, parts the clouds.

The flap of giant wings becomes a flutter. The wolves' fearsome howl becomes a buzz.

"Your magic has saved us!" the Warrior cries.

But your friend has spoken too soon. The tiny, winged wolves have swarmed back up above your heads. Stunned, they struggle back into formation.

"They're not giving up! They're planning another attack!" the Warrior cries, picking up a lance, and then throwing the useless weapon to the ground in disgust.

"We cannot swat them all away. They will chew us to pieces!" you cry.

The hornet-sized wolves, their tiny fangs poised for attack, begin to descend. They look like a small black cloud against the gray morning sky. The cloud buzzes closer, closer, closer.

Is there time to conjure another spell?

There is only a 50 percent chance that you will be able to summon the magical forces before you are attacked. But you must try! Quick—pick a number between one and ten.

If you chose 3, 4, 7, 8, or 10, turn to PAGE 20.

If you chose 1, 2, 5, 6, or 9, turn to PAGE 42.



With its ability to propel three arrows at once, the triple crossbow is a good weapon to pull out as the Mandroths' six-legged horse-beasts attack. You aim at the horses—not the riders—for the six-legged beasts are their masters' only weapon.

But even these six-legged monsters have a weakness. If they see that their companions have been put out of action, they will turn and flee.

You raise the bow, aim, and prepare to fire your arrows. You know that if you can get a direct hit on four out of the first ten horses and drop them with one arrow each, you will cause the rest of them to give up.

How good is your aim? Good enough to save your life and the life of the Wizard?

Flip a coin ten times. Each time it comes up heads, your arrow has struck true and a horse has fallen. If you can get the coin to come up heads four times, you will have killed the four horses you need to defeat the Mandroths. Continue your journey on PAGE 50.

If you do not get four heads, the triple crossbow has failed you. But all is not yet lost.

If you also brought along the longbow and poison-tipped arrows, and have not already used them, turn to PAGE 9 and continue to fight.

If you brought the double-pointed mace, and have not already used it, turn to PAGE 46.

If you did not choose to carry one of these weapons, or if they have already failed you, close the book. Better luck next time you enter the world of WIZARDS, WARRIORS AND YOU.

FLASH!

The sky above the tangled trees glows red. The tall grass falls back flat to the ground, then slowly rises.

Has your spell worked? Have you planted a vision in the evil wizard's mind, a vision that will make him believe you are standing before him when you have in reality fled?

You cannot tell at first. The Wizard of the Wild has disappeared entirely. You and the Warrior are alone once again in the dark forest.

All is quiet. The wind is silent and no bird calls out.

"Let us proceed," the Warrior says, confused. "Perhaps your magic has freed us to continue our quest."

"Perhaps," you say, uncertainty in your voice.

You walk together in silence. You walk past a clump of twisted birches. You note a line of marsh reeds bent at an odd angle. A while later, you come upon a pile of flat rocks that seem to form a table.

Continue walking on PAGE 39.

"Those flat rocks that seem to form a table—I know we have passed them before," you say. Your back feels a chill. You tighten your robes around you. "Perhaps we should stop and—"

"No!" the Warrior protests. "We cannot stop in this forest. We must move confidently—or we will be lost forever."

The Warrior reaches out to push away a low tree limb, and his hand appears to go right *through* it!

Seeing this, you bend down to pick up a fallen branch, and your hand grabs at nothing but air!

"Illusion!" you cry. "This is all illusion! Perhaps we are not in the forest at all!"

The Warrior raises the Sword of the Golden Lion and swings it at every object within reach. The sword touches nothing, meets no resistance from stone, or bush, or tree trunk.

"What wizard has created this illusion?" he cries. "The giants do not know of wizardry and spells."

You cannot reply, because you do not know the answer. Before you can utter a word, a rumble—like thunder, deep thunder building from a distance—hits your ears. Your first instinct is to duck, then to run.

But there is nowhere to run. The rumble becomes a roar. The roar surrounds the two of you.

Something approaches. How will you face it?

Turn to PAGE 47.

CRAAAACK!

Your lance strikes hard and true.

The giant warrior groans and topples from his horse. The ground shakes as he hits.

You are off your horse at once, the morning star in your hand, its deadly wooden ball swinging round and round as you prepare to strike before Helvdor can get to his feet.

Helvdor looks up at you in pain and surprise. He had not expected to be unhorsed by so small a challenger.

If you act quickly, you can defeat him while he is still in a state of shock.

Toss a coin until it comes up tails.

If you get tails on your first toss, turn to PAGE 15.

If it takes more than one toss to get tails, turn to PAGE 93.

You draw your robes around you and close your eyes. Concentrate. Concentrate. Draw up the forces that only you control.

FLASH!

The sky turns red and then black. Trees rattle and animals shriek.

Your spell has worked.

Unfortunately, it has worked too well. You have moved time back—back to the moment when the winged wolves began their attack!

If only you hadn't tried so hard. If only you had moved time back to just a few moments before you fell into the pit.

The wolves growl out a cry of victory as they fall upon you and the Warrior. You might as well stop reading right here. You might find the rest of the story a bit sickening.

Why not close the book, and then try a different adventure on the road to the Forest of Twisted Dreams?

END

You walk for many miles through the soft mud and tangled leafy floor of the forest. You come upon a clump of twisted birches. Further down your path you see a line of marsh reeds bent at an odd angle.

Yes, over there — there on the left where you saw it the last time and the time before that — there is the pile of flat rocks that seems to form a table.

Onward you walk, not allowing yourselves to grow weary. Onward past the clump of twisted birches, onward past the marsh reeds bent at such an odd angle they surely must fall, onward past the pile of flat stones, onward . . . onward forever and ever . . . and ever . . .

. . . until you close the book and start again to cross the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

END

You draw upon every ounce of strength and courage you have and fly up to face the vicious dragonbat.

Wings tearing at the air, talons slashing, the Warrior and the evil creature do battle. You raise your talons, aim them for the creature's heart, and fly toward your target with all the strength you can find.

"AAAAAIIIIIGGGGGH!"

The sky seems to crack from the cry of the injured dragonbat. Its wings dart up, then seem to fall back. The creature seems to float for a moment, a brief moment . . . and then it plummets.

The Warrior leaps off its back and flaps his wings hard to stay in the sky. You both watch as the giant dragonbat hits the treetops below and then the forest floor.

You have won this battle. But there are more to come.

Silently, you both glide across the sky, over the Forest of Twisted Dreams. You return to earth on the other side of the forest and resume your human forms. You are exhausted and weak. You must rest in the little time you have. You must rest, because the Kingdom of Giants is just over the horizon.

Take a short rest. Then turn to PAGE 80.

Your magic is sound. Your spell is strong.

The flying wolves will sleep for days.

If only you had more confidence in your powers—if only you hadn't kept looking back to see if the spell had worn off—you might have seen the approach of the giant falcon in time to cast another protective spell.

Unfortunately, the giant bird, trained by its owners for the hunt—the hunt that ends with the prey being torn to shreds—has taken you by surprise.

The Warrior raises the Sword of the Golden Lion, but the fierce falcon tosses it aside with a fast flick of one immense claw. The black eye narrows in its head as it surveys its prey.

"Cast another spell!" the Warrior cries, searching unsuccessfully for the sword among the forest undergrowth.

"There is no time!" you cry. The bird traps you under a giant wing. It raises a claw to crush you as it would a small insect.

The talons wrap around your body and begin to tighten. The Warrior has found his sword. Again and again you see the mighty sword slice the air and somehow miss its mark. The talons tighten around you.

Can the Warrior defeat this monstrous bird?

Sadly, there is only a 30 percent chance for success. Pick a number between one and ten. Hold your breath . . . and turn to PAGE 25.

You draw your robes about you and begin the incantation for another spell. The wolves, on their tiny wings, attack.

Suddenly, the Shrink spell wears off. The wolves return to their normal size.

THUD THUD THUD THUD!

Their bodies regained their giant size before their wings did—and they fall to the ground, stunned.

You take advantage of their dazed condition to call up more of your magical forces. The wolves are beginning to rouse themselves. In a few seconds they will resume their attack—and in their former monstrous size!

You must act fast.

Will you choose Spell #5, Invisible Shield, or Spell #7, Sorcerer's Sleep? Study them in your *Book of Spells* at the back of this book.

If you choose Spell #5, turn to PAGE 14.

If you choose Spell #7, turn to PAGE 22.

FLASH!

Birds shriek and the clouds turn red.

You feel yourself being pulled back through time. Back, back. All is dark. Then the darkness begins to brighten.

You are being lifted up, up, up out of the deep trap the giants left in your path.

Back, back. You and the Warrior are walking through the tall grass of the meadowlands.

Stop!

Time stops.

"Stop!" you cry to the Warrior. "Don't take another step."

You make a sharp turn to the right, and your companion follows. You walk *around* the deep, hidden pit.

Time moves forward again, and so do you—forward to the forest, forward to the strange adventures that await you as you follow the giants to their home on the other side of the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

You've come a far distance, and yet your journey has just begun.

To enter the mysterious forest, turn to PAGE 56.

The moon floats out between two clouds; it lightens the path for a moment, then darkness returns. You keep walking down the straight, clear path, not enjoying the easy travel for a second, not lessening your guard or daring to rest your ever-alert eyes.

You come to a large clearing, barren except for a few weeds. At the far end of the clearing stands a clump of low trees, huddled closely together.

And as you slowly make your way to the clump of trees, a large creature steps out into the clearing from behind them. The creature lumbers slowly, painfully out onto the path, raises its ancient head to stare down at you. You find yourself staring back at a dragon, a very old dragon, wheezing and coughing from its effort to walk out from the trees.

Go on to PAGE 45.



"Must we fight you to pass, old dragon?" you call out.

"I am too old to fight," the dragon says in a creaking, dry voice.

"Will you allow us to pass?" you call.

"I am too old to fight, but my soldiers are not," the dragon says slowly.

"We see no soldiers," you yell. "We see only a tired old dragon with whom we have no quarrel. Please let us continue on this path, and you return to your well-earned slumbers, old one."

"You have used my path," the old dragon says after a long pause. "There is a toll to pay. The toll is your lives. Prepare to begin your new lives as *my soldiers*."

You must act quickly. Should you kill the dragon before he can summon his soldiers? If you kill the dragon, you may loose other evil forces that may offer even more dangerous challenges.

Should you take your chances against the dragon's soldiers? Perhaps they are as old and helpless as he is!

If you choose to kill the dragon, turn to PAGE 66.

If you prefer to take your chances with this ancient foe and not rush to kill the dragon, turn to PAGE 74.

The terrifying double-pointed mace could prove to be effective against the attacking Mandroths and their hungry horse-beasts. If you strike fast, hard, and accurately and destroy the four lead horses, the remaining horses will turn and flee, carrying their masters with them in defeat.

But to be victorious, you must kill the four lead horses with only ten swings of your mighty mace.

To find out the outcome of this battle, flip two coins at once. Each time the two coins come up the same (two heads or two tails) you have scored a kill. You have ten tries to kill four horses. If the coins come up identical to each other four times out of the ten times you throw, you have defeated the horses and sent the Mandroths fleeing in fear. Continue your adventure on PAGE 50.

If you cannot kill four out of ten, your double-pointed mace has failed you. But you still have a chance to survive!

If you are also carrying the triple crossbow, and have not already used it, turn to PAGE 34 and continue your fight.

If you have brought along the longbow and poison-tipped arrows, and have not already used them, turn to PAGE 9 and continue battling the Mandroths.

If you did not bring either of these weapons, or if they have already failed you, the Mandroths have defeated you. Close the book. Better luck on your next journey through the world of *WIZARDS, WARRIORS AND YOU*.

“THE ROCKS! THE ROCKS HAVE COME ALIVE!!”

Is that *you* screaming? Yes—but in a voice you have never heard before, a voice filled with terror.

The cold, white rocks of the forest—thousands of them, tumbling and hurtling over each other—are bounding toward you from all sides, bouncing higher, picking up speed.

“My weapons are of no use!” the Warrior cries, also in a voice you have never heard, a voice of utter helplessness.

“My spells may also be of no use inside this forest of illusion!” you scream. But you know you must try. The rocks bounce, hit, bounce. The circle of ground between you and the rocks grows smaller with each bounce.

You must try to combat the evil magic with a spell of your own. Which one will you choose?

Look quickly at your *Book of Spells*. Carefully read over Spell #1, Shift Shape, and Spell #8, The Wind.

If you choose to try Spell #1, turn to PAGE 60.

If you choose to try Spell #8, turn to PAGE 27.

"What manner of humans are these who disappear in the midst of battle?" a Mandroth asks his comrades. Their horses continue to circle the battleground, which is littered with fallen horses and injured Mandroths.

"Sorcery!" a Mandroth cries, holding his reins tightly, pulling his horse away from the area. "We have not been paid to battle sorcery!"

The Invisibility spell is a strong one. It will not give way and cast you back in the midst of these foes. But you turn to where you think the Wizard is standing and whisper, "I must continue to fight. If I do not defeat them now, we will surely face them again when we reach the forest."

You hear no reply. You lift your sword again. Still invisible, you attack. SLASH! SLASH!

"AAAAAIIIIII!" The Mandroths scream in horror as their horses fall from an invisible sword. The weapon may be invisible, but the blood is real. SLASH! SLASH! Unseen, you cut down the foe. Screaming in terror, three or four remaining Mandroths flee on foot.

Your first challenge ends in victory. "Let us continue on to the forest!" you call out to the Wizard.

"There is no need to yell," your friend answers. "I am right beside you!"

To begin your next adventure, turn to PAGE 50.

There is bad news; there is good news; and again, there is bad news.

The *bad news* is that your spell lasts only a few minutes. The winged wolves awaken, angrier than ever, and return to the sky to resume their attack.

The *good news* is that the giants have left behind another surprise to keep King Henry's men from following them. They have conjured up a thick fog to cover the path of their escape. The fog circles the edge of the forest, billowing skyward in waves of wet, white smoke.

You and the Warrior dash into the fog—protected by the smokescreen the giants left behind to foil you. You can hear the wolves snarling above you, confused, blinded by the thick smoke. They cannot find you. They swoop this way and that, their rage growing with their frustration. Soon you hear them no more. Despite the weakness of the Sorcerer's Sleep spell, you have defeated your winged attackers.

But the final *bad news* is that you are about to enter the Forest of Twisted Dreams. The dangers you and your longtime friend must face have just begun.

To begin your journey through the mysterious forest, step out of the protection of the fog, take a deep breath—and turn to PAGE 56.

Now the Forest of Twisted Dreams stands before you. The trees bend low as a strong wind blows at your back. You dismount. You know that the rest of your journey must be made on foot.

"The giants must be celebrating back in their own kingdom by now," the Wizard says, breaking the silence, drawing you away from your thoughts of the dangers that await in this forest of dark legend.

"They will not celebrate for long," you say quietly, with a confidence that you do not really possess.

To face the dangers of the forest that now surrounds you, you realize you may need different weapons from the ones you originally chose to carry. The Wizard casts a spell which allows you to go back in time and choose again.

You decide that it might be wiser to travel with fewer weapons to encumber you. So this time you plan to carry *only two* weapons in addition to the Sword of the Golden Lion.

Which two weapons will you decide to carry? Go back to *The Book of Weapons* on page 101. Make your choices.

Then turn to PAGE 21 to begin your journey through the forest.

The giant talons tighten around your waist. The ugly bird raises its head in a cry of victory.

But the victory cry is a bit premature.

The Warrior's sword has known tougher foes than this plump bird. The sword cuts deep and true. Again, again, the Warrior attacks the bird with relentless fury.

The talons loosen. You break free. Gasping for breath, you stumble for the safety of the trees.

The bird gives another hideous cry. But this is no cry of victory. It is a cry of surrender.

The black eye on the side of its feathered head seems to glaze over in disbelief as the falcon drops to its side, silent and unmoving.

The victory belongs to the Warrior.

And to you.

But there is no time to celebrate. You make your way to the safety of the forest in case other falcons have been set on patrol. But you know that *this* forest offers no safety. For this is the Forest of Twisted Dreams, where reality becomes tangled among the dark forces beyond the knowledge of humankind.

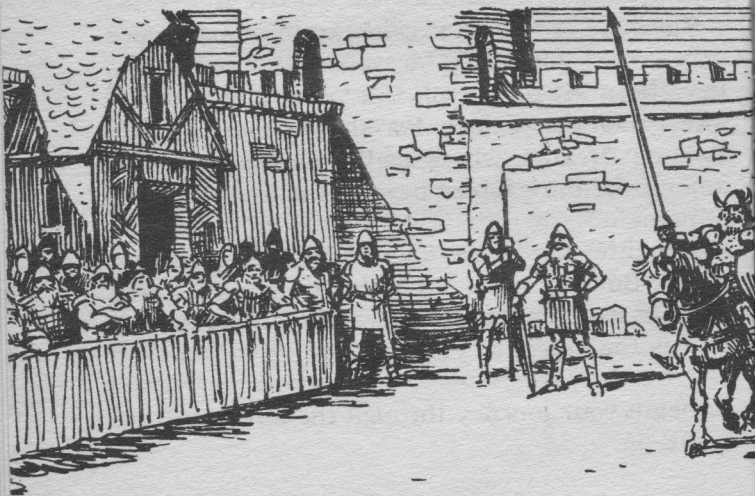
You enter the forest, knowing the dangers that await. But you must enter the forest—and cross through it—if you are to retrieve the Magic Helmet that is the object of your quest.

To begin your journey through the forest, turn to
PAGE 56.

The courtyard, as big as an entire town, stands filled with giants who have come to witness the battle. At one end, atop a silvery white horse as tall as two horses, sits Helvdor the Unconquerable.

You sit upon an equally tall horse, loaned to you by your enemy. As you wait for the signal to charge, you examine the weapons the giants have provided and make a battle plan. First you will use Weapon #4, the lance. Then, if you have managed to unseat your foe, you will use Weapon #5, the morning star. If you kill him, you will then try to kill him for the second time with the Sword of the Golden Lion, which, as ever, is at your side.

Go on to PAGE 53.



The signal is given. You raise the lance. You charge. The giant horse carries you faster than you have ever ridden in battle. The courtyard becomes a blur, the faces of the crowd disappear, the approaching weapon of your foe looms near . . . nearer . . . nearer . . .

Can you unseat Helvdor with your lance?

Toss a coin until you get either three heads or three tails.

If you come up with three heads first, turn to PAGE 37.

If you come up with three tails first, turn to PAGE 85.



The forces of your magic crackle the sky of this forest of illusion. You hope to transform yourself and your companion into sparrows, innocent birds that can fly above the rock avalanche to escape the pounding rocks and the illusion that holds you prisoner.

But your spell has failed.

Perhaps it is impossible to create an illusion within an illusion.

You have no time to ponder the reasons for your failure.

Cracking. Jolting each other. Rattling the trees, splitting the tall weeds, shaking the earth—*the rocks are upon you!*

There is no time to scream.

You fall to your knees as the first rocks hit.

You drop to the ground as they pile onto you.

Your face hits the soft, wet mud of the forest floor. You wait, wait for the crush, wait for the pain, wait to die, wait for the light of your mind to darken.

But you feel nothing but the wet mud beneath you.

The roar becomes deafening, then slowly fades.

The rocks are on top of you. The rocks have buried you both.

But the rocks are illusion too.

You wait for your pounding heart to slow down, for the throbbing in your forehead to subside. Then you turn to look at the Warrior.

"Impressive magic," you say.

Go on to PAGE 55.

The Warrior's voice is as filled with relief as yours. "Someone is trying to frighten us. Perhaps it is the forest itself."

You pull yourself to your feet. "This magic is too powerful to be that of a natural force," you say. "There is wizardry behind this."

Suddenly the tree ahead of you steps forward. It is not a tree at all, but a tall human figure wearing robes of bark.

You are about to meet the wizard behind the magic that has stopped you in your path.

Turn to PAGE 68.



You and the Warrior continue your journey to the forest on foot. You don't look back.

Perhaps that is your secret, as one often called upon to face inhuman challenges.

You never look back.

The earth beneath your feet is black and wet. The tangled trees above your head shut out all sunlight. You and the Warrior walk quickly into the forest. You both know that neither daylight nor darkness will keep the evil forces of this ancient forest from seeking you out.

And you both know that you have no choice but to confront these evil forces. For your mission lies at the other end of this twisted place. If you survive the perils of the forest, you still must face the giants who have stolen the Magic Helmet that is so precious to King Henry and his faithful subjects.

"It seems we have walked a far distance," you say, breaking a long silence. "Yet that clump of twisted birches looks familiar."

"I was thinking the same thing," the Warrior says quietly. "And those marsh reeds bent over at such an odd angle—have we not passed by them once, or maybe even twice?"

"We have walked a straight line by the angle of the shadows," you say. "Perhaps this forest has begun to play its tricks upon our senses."

Has the forest already begun to work its mysteries?

Turn to PAGE 36.

FLASH!

The stones of the stadium squeal, and the sun seems to burn out. Darkness falls. A hush hits the stadium. The hush lasts but a second and is replaced by screams of horror. No one moves.

Your spell has worked. But you know that you have only five seconds of darkness in which to act. Running at full speed, the Warrior rushes up to the pedestal holding the Magic Helmet — *and grabs it!*

The darkness goes. The sun reappears. The giants' fear turns to anger as they see the Warrior standing with the prized helmet.

Quickly, you draw your robes tightly around you once more. You begin to chant the words of Spell #11. You doubt your strength, you doubt your ability to reach the forces of magic — but you have no choice. You must try.

Can you shrink the giants to the size of ants so that you may escape capture?

If you are reading this book on a Sunday night, a Monday morning, or a Thursday afternoon, turn to PAGE 23.

If you are reading this book at any other time or day, turn to PAGE 77.

The pit of red mud holds you prisoner. Only your heads remain above the surface of the thick, wet dirt.

"Quick—cast a spell to remove us from this slime!" you call to the Wizard.

But before he can utter a word, a huge, powerfully built man approaches. He appears to be a fisherman—but what would a fisherman be doing in this desolate spot? He is humming merrily to himself and does not seem at all surprised to see you.

"Ha ha! Two more for my net!" he calls in a booming, cheerful voice.

You struggle to remove yourself from the pit, but your struggles only make you sink deeper. You bend your head back to keep your nose out of the mud.

The fisherman's face lights up with a gleeful smile, and he gestures to something in the gray distance, just on the other side of the red mud pit.

You can barely make out what is there. But eventually you realize what it is—a net hanging from the branch of a tall tree.

A net made of living people!

"I see you are admiring my handiwork," the fisherman says, laughing loudly. "Well, I will give you an opportunity to admire it at closer range! Ha ha!"

Go to PAGE 82.

"EEEEEEAAAAAGGGGGGGGH!"

The dragonbat makes a hideous cry as it lunges forward to devour you. Its mouth empty, it lunges again, stabbing the air with its fangs, its giant black wings pounding the air.

Your spell has worked. You are floating above the dragonbat as clouds. The disappointed creature flaps and flaps to show its disgust.

The flapping wings create quite a wind.

Stop! Stop! you cry to yourself. The wind blows you and the Warrior in separate directions.

The flapping creature darts up, then down, dashes right through you, searching for its escaped dinner.

The *heat!* You hadn't thought about the heat that comes off the hideous dragonbat.

It is enough heat to condense a cloud and turn it to rain. In seconds, a short, hot rain falls to the trees below. Two clouds disappear from the sky.

The dragonbat flies away in search of other prey.

The choices you must make to get through the Forest of Twisted Dreams are difficult—and it appears that the choice you just made was all wet! Better luck next time. Perhaps you'll have better weather as you try again to use your wizardry to get to the Kingdom of Giants.

END

As the rocks roar nearer, you pull your robes tightly around you and begin Spell #1, Shift Shape. Remember, you must change yourself into something that is within view.

Your eyes flash in fear and desperation. You begin the incantation that will bring the forces of magic into play. But what can there be that will help you escape this stony avalanche?

FLASH!

The trees cry out in pain. The rocks seem to scream as they hurtle toward you. The dark forest sizzles red, then yellow, as you turn your eyes inward, inward.

Will the Shift Shape spell work?

There is a 50 percent chance that it will. Flip a coin. Call heads or tails while it is in the air.

If you call it correctly, turn to PAGE 64.

If you call it incorrectly, turn to PAGE 54.

The approaching creature reveals a twisted, decaying face to you, his mouth opening in a toothless grin, the ancient bark of his robe crumbling as he walks.

"Die, evil one!" the Warrior cries. His blade slashes right across the creature's waist, cutting him neatly in two.

But there is no time to celebrate a victory.

The two halves grow tall as you stare in horror, and *two* tree creatures now approach, each with its own gaping black mouth twisted into a toothless grin.

SLASH. SLASH.

The Warrior cuts them both in half. And in a flash, there are *four* hideous tree creatures facing you.

SLASH. SLASH. They utter no cry when cut.

SLASH. SWIPE.

You realize that the Warrior is only adding to the evil that surrounds you. It would be better to play a waiting game.

You drape your hood over your head, pull your robes around you, and call upon Spell #2 (see *The Book of Spells*).

FLASH! Sleeping owls cry out and swaying trees topple.

Your spell works. You move time back a few moments, back to when you first realized this figure was not a tree, back to when there was only one approaching figure.

Turn to PAGE 72.

FLASH!

The sun dims and the clouds roar.

The spell has worked. You and the Warrior have been transformed into dragonbats.

The dragonbat pulls back in surprise. Where is its dinner?

It ignores you at first. It swoops low, then climbs back up in the sky, searching for its prey.

Then it turns its attention on you and your companion. Did you steal its dinner? It ponders. Its ancient face reddens as surprise turns to anger. It extends shiny talons and its black mouth opens in a furious frown, baring long, cracked fangs yellowed with age.

Furiously, it whips the sky with its giant black wings, faster, faster, preparing to attack, eyeing first you, then your companion.

You decide to flee. Perhaps you can fly away, avoid a fight with this hideous old creature. You attempt to signal to the Warrior to follow you. But you are unfamiliar with your new wings. They flap and falter as you try to attain some speed.

"AAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEE!"

A scream of horror fills the sky. The scream is yours. The dragonbat's talon has slashed your chest. Yellow blood pours down the front of your new body. The pain overwhelms you at first. Each breath you take ends in a cry.

Go on to PAGE 63.

The dragonbat senses victory. It swoops down for the kill. You beat your wings furiously, trying to fall back out of its way.

Suddenly the Warrior attacks!

"EEEEEEEEIIIIIGGGGGGH!"

It's the dragonbat's turn to scream as the Warrior sinks his newfound fangs into its back. The dragonbat scratches a giant claw across the Warrior's chest. Again and again the talon flashes, tearing, cutting deep. The Warrior does not retreat. The two hideous creatures roll over and over in the sky.

Meanwhile, you are losing more of your yellow blood. You feel weak, too weak to attempt a spell, too weak to keep flying much longer.

But you must help your partner. He cannot defeat this evil creature on his own. Perhaps the two of you attacking together will be able to kill it.

You thrust your fangs forward and prepare to attack the dragonbat from the front as the Warrior keeps his hold on the beast's back.

Will the two of you be able to win this battle?

There is a 50 percent chance. Pick a number between one and six.

If you picked 2, 3, or 4, turn to PAGE 91.

If you picked 1, 5, or 6, turn to PAGE 40.

The rocks are nearly on you now. You cannot hear your own cries over the roar of the avalanche.

Then, suddenly, your cry is not human. You raise your wings and leap up, up, up from the danger. The wind carries you and the Warrior away. You are sparrows. The Shift Shape spell has worked.

Up you fly, away from the crashing rocks, which crash and tumble over the spot where you stood seconds before. Up you fly, over the forest of illusion, so high that it disappears completely from view and the real Forest of Twisted Dreams appears beneath you.

Together, you and the Warrior float and fly on the gusting currents of wind.

How lucky that sparrow hopped into view as you began to cast your spell.

Or was it?

What is that immense creature flying directly into your path?

Quick—turn to PAGE 70.



Held high above the fisherman's head, you cannot reach your weapons. The powerful opponent laughs at your helplessness. He tosses both your weapons into the forest.

His laughter stirs your anger. You are determined to act—to act *now*!

You reach your hand down and grab his hair. A mighty tug stops his laughter. You grab his chin and snap his head back.

The fisherman cries out in pain. He drops you to the ground.

Now you must make a quick decision. Should you try to fight him hand-to-hand? Without a weapon, you know you will find yourself in a tough battle.

Or should you try to retrieve your sword from where it lies on the surface of the mud pit? Your chances of victory are much greater if you have your sword. But the fisherman will have the advantage while you are attempting to retrieve it.

If you decide to try to get your sword, turn to PAGE 86.

If you decide you'd be smarter to fight him hand-to-hand, turn to PAGE 90.

You rush forward, your sword drawn. The old dragon raises its head, closes its eyes. But it is too old and feeble to move out of the way of your fast blade.

The Sword of the Golden Lion sinks deep into the dragon's chest. The dragon slumps backward, coughs, starts to fall.

Its mouth opens slowly. It tries to speak. "You . . . will . . . be . . . sorry . . ." The words fall out like dry leaves. The dragon falls dead at your feet.

A deafening wail pierces the air. Then another wail. Green and gray lights dart among the black trees. Eyes float before your face—red eyes, laughing eyes. Another loud wail. A cry.

The whole forest comes alive. Creatures fly overhead, crawl at your feet, brush past your face.

"The evil has been released," the Wizard says. You can see the fear on his face even in the darkness. "By killing the dragon, we unleashed the evil forces of the forest."

Go on to PAGE 67.

A ghostly form flies up into your face, wraps its arms around you as if to smother you, then fades away. Animal cries fill the air, wails and moans of animals you've never heard before. A bat flutters past your face, then another and another, until you are surrounded by flapping wings and the *click click click* of fang against fang.

"We will be swallowed up by this evil unless we act fast," you tell the Wizard.

It will take every weapon you have brought and all the battle skills at your command to defeat the evil creatures who have been waiting for you, waiting to attack and add you to the list of victims of the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

You will be attacked six times. You must kill all six of your foes to survive.

Toss two coins in the air at once. If they both come down the same (both heads, both tails), you have defeated a foe. You have 13 tries to defeat all six foes. That means you may toss the two coins in the air a total of 13 times.

If the coins come down the same six times out of 13, you have defeated the evil forces of the forest. Go on to the Kingdom of Giants on PAGE 78.

If you cannot defeat the evil attackers in 13 tries, at least you gave it a good fight. Close the book, take a rest, and try your luck again in the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

Acting by lightning instinct, the Warrior unsheathes the Sword of the Golden Lion and cries, "I will kill this vile creature before more evil befalls us!"

You know that one word from you will halt the Warrior's attack.

Should you allow the Warrior to kill this curious forest figure? Or do you think it best to find out who this creature is, to listen to what—if anything—he has to say to you?

You know you have less than the blink of an eye to decide.

If you think it safer for the Warrior to attempt to kill the approaching figure, turn to PAGE 61.

If you prefer to learn who this person is and what he wishes to say to you, turn to PAGE 72.

You grab the Devil's Dagger and, without pausing to make a plan or to deliberate about how you will attack, you leap at the surprised fisherman and plunge the knife deep into his chest.

He steps back, raises his head in laughter, and pushes you away.

You shove him back with your shoulder, retrieve the deadly dagger, and stab your foe again.

Again, he pushes you away, almost playfully.

To your horror, you realize that he is not bleeding, that he is not even in pain from your stab wounds.

"What kind of evil magic is this?" you cry.

But you never receive an answer.

The fisherman lifts you into the air, tosses you into the net, and you become part of the tangle of arms and legs, another prisoner in this living prison.

You might say this adventure ended in a *net loss*. But there are many roads to take through the Forest of Twisted Dreams. Next time, you will certainly choose a different one.

END

The giant creature that approaches is a dragonbat, one of the many hideous creatures that make this evil forest their home. Waving its black wings against the cloudy sky, the animal moves effortlessly toward you, its gaping mouth drooling hungrily.

The sky grows hot. Your sparrow heart pounds. You dive and swoop away. But you and the Warrior know that two sparrows are no match for a hungry dragonbat.

The clouds sizzle from the heat of the menacing creature. Its talons outstretched, it bares its fangs and prepares to take its prey.

You decide to try another Shift Shape spell.

But what can you change yourself and the Warrior into? It must be something in view.

The only things in view are clouds—and the dragonbat.

As clouds, you and the Warrior could drift away from this hungry beast, almost as if you were invisible. But how far will you drift before the spell wears off?

It might be wiser to become dragonbats. But if you do, you will surely face a battle with the hungry creature about to swallow you whole.

Which will it be—clouds or dragonbats?

If you choose to make your escape by turning yourself and the Warrior into clouds, turn to PAGE 59.

If you choose to escape being eaten by changing yourself and your partner into dragonbats, turn to PAGE 62.

FLASH!

Tree branches crack and crumble. The sky darkens to purple, then shines gold.

The tiny, ant-sized giants look around in astonishment, for you have vanished. A few minutes later, the Shrink spell wears off, and the giants return to their normal, immense size.

But they cannot give chase. They cannot see you.

Invisible, you head back through the forest. You know you will be safe during your return trip through this hateful place. The powers of the Magic Helmet of Cornwall will keep you safe during your journey.

The dark forest actually smells sweet to you now.

For you are traveling in triumph.

Once again, the Wizard and the Warrior will return victorious to King Henry.

For your welcome home, turn to PAGE 95.

"Halt," you say quietly.

The Warrior allows your wisdom to dominate. He lowers his sword and steps back.

"How wise, how wise," a scratchy, high-pitched voice—the voice of this walking tree trunk—says. "Your sword would prove less efficient than a goose feather against me, my friend."

"Are you a worker of magic?" you ask, staring at the decaying bark of this man's heavy robe. "Have you created the illusion in which we now stand?"

"Do not dare to question me!" The scratchy voice turns to sudden anger. You see that the face is as decayed as the bark of the robe, the eyes gray and vacant, the hair white and tangled with dead leaves. "I will not allow invaders into my forest."

"*Your* forest?!" the Warrior cries, his sword in hand once again. "This forest belongs to my sovereign King Henry and all who would follow his rule."

"A pig in a sty means as much to me," the ancient figure says, spitting onto the forest floor. "I am the Wizard of the Wild. This forest is held by my magic, and no kings or invaders of any kind shall pass through."

Go on to PAGE 73.

"I must protest this falsehood," the Warrior cries angrily. "You allowed the thieving giants to pass through your precious forest!"

"They paid a heavy price for their journey," the Wizard of the Wild says smugly. "Half their number was sacrificed to a life of labor in my forest. Perhaps your lives will also be sacrificed in such a way." His mouth twists into a toothless, dry grin.

"We want only what is ours," you say. "We wish to pass through the forest quickly to retrieve what the giants have stolen from us."

The Wizard of the Wild laughs scornfully. "You pathetic souls are not even inside the forest you seek. You are inside a forest of illusion, *my* illusion, my trap of death for you."

As he continues to speak, you decide to attempt a spell that might defeat him. You decide to try Spell #10, Visions (see your *Book of Spells*).

If this spell is successful, you can plant a vision in the evil wizard's mind of you and the Warrior standing before him. Then you and the Warrior can flee his presence and continue your journey—while he still believes he has you at his mercy.

This spell is your only hope!

Quick—pick a number between one and ten.
If you picked an even number, turn to PAGE 35.
If you picked an odd number, turn to PAGE 7.

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The Warrior allows your wisdom to dominate. He lowers his sword and steps back.

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This spell is your only hope!

Quick—pick a number between one and ten.

If you picked an even number, turn to PAGE 35.

If you picked an odd number, turn to PAGE 7.

"I repeat my words, old dragon. We mean you no harm. Let us pass in peace. Our quarrel is with others outside this forest." Your words seem to make no impression on the ancient creature.

The dragon lifts his huge head and begins an incantation. You remove the Sword of the Golden Lion from its scabbard and watch, but you don't believe what you are seeing!

The trees are coming to life — moving off the spots in which they were rooted, taking human form, carrying weapons. The trees of the forest have become the dragon's army!

Unless you can defeat this weird army, you and the Wizard will become part of it, doomed to stand as forest trees until called to evil action by the ancient dragon.

Your sword will not be of much use against this big army. You must turn to the other weapons you have brought.

If you are carrying Weapon #2, #3, or #6, turn to PAGE 88.

If you are *not* carrying one of those weapons, you are out of luck. You are not properly armed to defeat these foes. The army of the forest has welcomed two new recruits.

Better luck in your future attempts to cross through this forest of surprising evil.



You wish you had a sturdier weapon to go against such a mighty foe, but you raise your flail and hope for the best. The fisherman lunges toward you, showing no fear of the weapon in your hands.

You leap aside and he falls to the dirt. In less than a second, you bring the flail around his neck and pull it tight. Using his brute strength, he pulls away from you.

But he is choking from the rope around his neck.

While he chokes, he cannot fight.

You decide to try to free the Wizard while the fisherman struggles to catch his breath. You believe that if you can release the Wizard, he will be able to use his magic to free the others.

Can you free the Wizard before the fisherman regains his breath and attacks again?

Flip a coin twice. If it comes up the same both times (two heads or two tails), you have freed the Wizard. And you have freed the other prisoners of the net as well. Together, you all proceed successfully through the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

Now you must prepare to face the challenges of the Kingdom of Giants. Turn to PAGE 78.

If your coin does *not* come up the same both times, you have failed to free the Wizard — and you have lost the fight. The fisherman has recovered and has tangled you in his hideous, living net.

Hang loose, and try your luck another time with another path through the forest.

FLASH!

Birds fall out of the sky and clouds crash with a roar like thunder.

The angry cries of your giant foes turn to high-pitched squeals. The giants shrink, shrink, shrink until they appear to be insects at your feet.

"We are not victorious yet!" you warn the Warrior, whose face has been crossed by a wide smile. "This spell may last only for moments. I will try the next spell, and we will be ready to make our escape!"

The next spell—Spell #4—is the most difficult, the most energy-draining of all. But if you can successfully drape yourself and the Warrior in invisibility, you will be able to flee the Kingdom of Giants with the prized helmet in your possession.

Can you successfully call up the spell? Do you have the strength to reach the forces that will make you invisible?

If you are reading this book on a Saturday morning, a Sunday morning, a Monday night, or a Tuesday night, turn to PAGE 92.

If you are reading this book at any other time or day, turn to PAGE 71.

The forest and its evil magic are behind you now. As the sun rises the next morning, you stand on a low hill looking at the tall, gray walls that surround the Kingdom of Giants.

The air is still wet from the morning dew, and the clouds of night have not yet been dispersed by the morning sun. It is early enough, perhaps, to take the giants by surprise, retrieve the Magic Helmet of Cornwall, and flee before they awake. Perhaps it is early enough—or perhaps not! You and the Wizard approach the wall.

"Halt! In the name of Gfar, who goes there?"

It is the voice of a single giant guard at the gateway. You answer him with a thrust of the Sword of the Golden Lion. Your blade drives deep, and the guard falls to the ground, mortally wounded.

"Our way is now clear to enter," you say quietly to the Wizard. "We have no way of knowing what awaits us on the other side of this wall. But we must find out."

Suddenly a powerful hand grabs you by the shoulder and lifts you off the ground. Another hand jerks the Wizard up alongside you.

You turn to find yourself a prisoner of the giant guard you have just killed!

"Fools!" he cries, holding you above the ground. "Have you never fought a giant before? Do you not know that men as big as we have *two* hearts, that we must be killed *twice*?"

Go on to PAGE 79.

He laughs at your ignorance, ignorance that may end your mission right here at the very gates of the kingdom! He carries you both to the throne room of his king.

Everything in this immense room is built on such a large scale that you feel like an insect in a land of humans. The guard throws you down before the king. As you hit the hard floor, you look up to see that the Magic Helmet of Cornwall rests on a small-table beside the throne.

You pretend to grovel on your hands and knees before the giant king. But when he looks away to speak to the guard about you, you leap to your feet. You rush forward, grab the Magic Helmet, and draw your sword in challenge to the king.

The king stands up slowly, stepping away from his throne. "Very brave, little warrior," he says, a smug smile crossing his big face. "I am impressed with your courage."

"Before the day is done, you will be more impressed with my sword!" you cry.

The Wizard has drawn his robes around him. He is about to cast a spell. But the guard sees what he has in mind and gives him a kick that knocks him unconscious.

You alone must face the giants now.

Turn to PAGE 26.

As the afternoon sun sends hot, orange streaks across the sky, you and your companion are standing on a hillside looking down on the Kingdom of Giants. "We have come far," the Warrior says, squinting into the distance, trying to survey your final opponents in this contest.

"We have come far, and at great cost to my energies," you reply, the weariness showing in your voice. "My magic is weak from our efforts in the forest."

"It will be strong enough, I am confident, to defeat these barbaric giants," the Warrior says.

You descend the hill and discover that the town of giant houses and stores is empty. An immense stadium, built of gigantic gray stones, stands at the far end of the town. From the stadium, you hear the cries and cheers of a huge throng.

"We have come at an opportune moment," you say. "The giants seem to have gathered to celebrate the theft of the Magic Helmet."

Creeping along the walls of the immense buildings, staying in the shadows, the two of you make your way to the stadium. Crouching in the darkness of an unused entranceway, you can see the stadium field. The Magic Helmet of Cornwall stands sparkling in the sun, on display for all to see.

Go on to PAGE 81.

"Do you have a plan?" the Warrior asks.

"Yes. It requires three spells," you reply. "If only I had a day or two to rest, to regain my powers. But I know that is impossible. We must act now."

Quickly, you describe your plan to the Warrior. The two of you must sneak into the stadium and run as close to the Magic Helmet as possible. Then you will cast Spell #3, Momentary Darkness. In the darkness, the Warrior will grab the Helmet. The darkness will last for only five seconds. You will then cast Spell #11, Shrink. If it works, you will reduce the giants to the size of ants. This will give you time to cast Spell #4, Invisibility. Then, unseen, you and the Warrior will return through the forest carrying the object of your quest.

"We have been seen!" the Warrior cries suddenly, pointing to a group of giants who are talking and motioning to each other, and then begin to run toward you.

You gather your robes around you and begin to cast Spell #3. This is the easiest spell you know, but even this elementary spell may be too much for you in your exhausted state.

Can you call the darkness down upon the stadium?

If you are reading this book on a Saturday night or a Tuesday morning, turn to PAGE 84.

If you are reading this book at any other time or day, turn to PAGE 57.

Behind the fisherman's cruel laughter, you can hear the agonized moans and cries of the poor souls tangled together in the grotesque net. Fury wells up inside you, but you are helpless to act, helpless to move.

You hear the Wizard, beside you in the red slime, begin to utter the words of a spell. But before he can get very far, the powerful fisherman leans forward, reaches down into the mud, and pulls the Wizard up and out. With a swing of his huge arms, he sends the Wizard flying toward the net! Almost before you realize what has happened, your partner has become part of the tangled human net.

Now the fisherman reaches for you. How did he come by such inhuman strength? He pulls you from the mud and holds you high above his head.

At last—a chance to defend yourself!

You reach for the Sword of the Golden Lion, but your mighty foe pulls the scabbard away from you and tosses the sword into the mud pit.

Now you must try to use one of the two other weapons you have brought with you.

If you wish to try Weapon #2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 8, turn to PAGE 65.

If you wish to try Weapon #7, turn to PAGE 76.

If you wish to try Weapon #9, turn to PAGE 69.



Acting by lightning instinct, the Warrior unsheathes the Sword of the Golden Lion and cries, "I will kill this vile creature before more evil befalls us!"

You know that one word from you will halt the Warrior's attack.

Should you allow the Warrior to kill this curious forest figure? Or do you think it best to find out who this creature is, to listen to what—if anything—he has to say to you?

You know you have less than the blink of an eye to decide.

If you think it safer for the Warrior to attempt to kill the approaching figure, turn to PAGE 61.

If you prefer to learn who this person is and what he wishes to say to you, turn to PAGE 72.

You call out the ancient words of the spell of darkness, call upon the forces of magic that have aided you in so many quests before.

But the forces do not hear you this time.

Your voice is too weak, your magic too tired from surviving the trials of the Forest of Twisted Dreams.

The only darkness that descends is the shadow of a giant, who lifts the two of you up in the air with one immense hand, triumphantly showing you off to the amused spectators in the stadium.

The giants have even more to celebrate now. They can now congratulate themselves on the capture of King Henry's most valued Wizard and Warrior.

Your legend, sad to say, ends here . . .

. . . until you open the book and set out on another quest for the Magic Helmet of Cornwall.

END



CRAAAAACK!

Your lance breaks against Helvdor's impenetrable armor.

You feel a pain in your side. You hear a cry of agony. It comes from you. As you fall from your horse, the faces of the giants above you spin around and around. The last sounds you hear are their cheers as they congratulate Helvdor, who has so quickly earned the right to keep the name *Unconquerable*.

The fight has ended for you, here on this giant tournament field, in this short and bitter battle. But there will be other battles and other opportunities to achieve victory in your quest—the next time you open this book!

END

You grab the Devil's Dagger and, without pausing to make a plan or to deliberate about how you will attack, you leap at the surprised fisherman and plunge the knife deep into his chest.

He steps back, raises his head in laughter, and pushes you away.

You shove him back with your shoulder, retrieve the deadly dagger, and stab your foe again.

Again, he pushes you away, almost playfully.

To your horror, you realize that he is not bleeding, that he is not even in pain from your stab wounds.

"What kind of evil magic is this?" you cry.

But you never receive an answer.

The fisherman lifts you into the air, tosses you into the net, and you become part of the tangle of arms and legs, another prisoner in this living prison.

You might say this adventure ended in a *net loss*. But there are many roads to take through the Forest of Twisted Dreams. Next time, you will certainly choose a different one.

END

Your foe charges toward you, and you duck away from his outstretched arms. He seems to carry no weapon. With his incredible strength, he's probably never needed one.

You dive away from another one of his attempts to grab you. You drop to the ground and—slowly, carefully, your hand shaking in anticipation—reach across the wet mud for your sword.

In the distance, you hear the moans and cries of the human beings tangled in the fisherman's net. And you hear the loud grunt of your foe as he grabs your legs and begins to pull you away from the mud pit.

But he has grabbed you too late.

Your sword is in your hand. You swing around and swipe at him, causing him to fall back and drop your legs. This is the chance you need to get to your feet.

You leap up. Your sword raised, you run toward him. He tries to dodge away, but you will not be denied. He puts his head down and charges under your poised sword. His head butts your stomach, sending you sprawling backward. Dozens of eyes watch the battle from the net a few yards away.

You roll away from his grasp and leap to your feet again. He jumps up in the air, trying to land on you with his giant boots. But he misses and hits the ground.

Go on to PAGE 87.

Now the Sword of the Golden Lion ends the battle quickly and cleanly. You run your foe through with its blade before he can get up again. He dies instantly, silently, his eyes staring up at you in disbelief.

Exhausted, you slump to your knees.

The moans and cries of the people trapped in the living net have turned to cheers. You use the last of your strength to walk over to the strange net. You work quickly to untangle the Wizard from this maze of arms and legs. And once one body is freed, the others come tumbling down.

They all come forward to thank you and offer to accompany you through the forest as bodyguards and guides. With their help, you will make it the rest of the way with little difficulty.

As you walk through the forest with your new companions, your mind turns to the challenge ahead. You grasp the handle of your sword tightly. You know you will need to call upon it once again when you reach the Kingdom of Giants.

To begin your mission in the Kingdom of Giants, turn to PAGE 78.

If you are carrying the battle-axe (Weapon #2):

Before they have a chance to get organized and in fighting position, you rush at this strange army, your battle-axe swinging. You need five kills to send the army fleeing—but you are allowed only nine swings of the battle-axe.

Flip a coin nine times. Each time it comes up tails, you have killed an enemy soldier. You must get five tails out of nine tosses. If you do *not*, your journey has ended. Close the book and try again.

If you are victorious, turn to PAGE 78.

If you are carrying the triple crossbow (Weapon #3):

You have time to fire only three shots with your triple-threat weapon. Toss three coins in the air three times. If, at least once, all three coins come down all heads or all tails, you are victorious. Go on to PAGE 78.

If you fail to get all three heads or three tails in three tries, you are doomed to spend the rest of your days in the forest. Close the book. Try again.

If you are carrying the longbow with poison-tipped arrow (Weapon #6):

You must shoot with deadly accuracy to be victorious. Toss a coin six times. If you get four tails or four heads out of the six tries, you are victorious. Go on to PAGE 78.

If you fail to get four heads or four tails, you have failed to defeat the dragon's army. You have failed to cross the forest. Better luck next journey.

The crowd grows silent. All that can be heard on this immense tournament field are the clangs of your swords, the grunts and cries of your effort.

Long into the afternoon you fight. As the sun lowers in the sky, you fight weariness, a greater foe than Helvdor. Yet *his* arm seems to grow stronger with each swing, *his* blade more deadly with each thrust.

You are a courageous warrior, but no match for this giant on his own ground. A final thrust of his sword ends the battle . . . ends your quest . . . and ends this journey through this book.

END

You stand and motion for him to come forward. A bold challenge. Surprised by your bravery, he takes one step back.

"Do you retreat already?" you ask, taunting him, still motioning for him to come forward, to begin the battle.

He takes another step back.

If you can get him to step back far enough, perhaps you can trick him into falling into his own net. You lunge forward, hatred on your face.

The moans and cries from the human net have stopped. Dozens of eyes watch the fight in total silence.

The fisherman takes another step back. He seems uncertain now. He is unwilling to take the first step forward, yet you know he is powerful enough to give a good fight if he chooses to do so.

Back, back, he steps.

Three more steps and he will become part of the tangled net.

Back one more step.

You move forward to challenge him. Will he take another step back? And another?

No.

Turn to PAGE 11.

You try to fly up to the dragonbat, but you are too weak. You watch in horror as the ancient creature tosses the Warrior off its back. With a fading scream, the Warrior falls to the ground.

The dragonbat turns to you.

You do not have the strength to fight it.

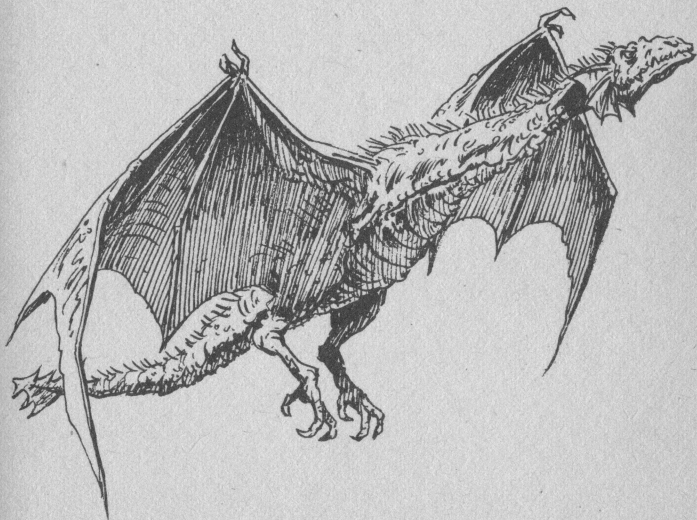
You do not have the strength to escape by using your magic.

Do you have the strength to close this book and start all over again?

If so, better do it as quickly as possible.

Otherwise, things might get a little messy.

END



Even a wizard of your powers does not have unending strength. Your plan to use three spells to retrieve the prized helmet was a bold one—but it asked too much of your magic.

The Invisibility spell has failed. And your Shrink spell has proven to be weak. In seconds, the giants return to normal size. The Warrior attempts to fight them off, but the giants are too powerful.

You are both taken prisoner.

Close the book quickly now. You really don't want to learn what the giants have in store for the two of you.

Return to this book when your powers are refreshed and your magic is strong.

END

You swing the morning star, its deadly sharp spikes aimed at Helvdor's face, the chain snapping as you swing with all your might.

Helvdor rolls away from its blow, grabs the handle with his powerful right hand, pulls himself up, and shoves you down with his other hand.

He is about to use your weapon on you.

Close the book now. You really don't want to read a description of what happens next.

You fought this giant foe with courage. But your courage was not enough to defeat an enemy of his size and might.

The mission is over for now—until you draw up the courage to open the book and start again.

END

The clang of sword against sword drowns out the roars of the crowd. You hear nothing but a voice inside your head, the voice of your own courage, urging you on, guiding your arm in this battle against an opponent twice your height.

CLANG!

He's backing you up now. You fall backward and roll away from the thrust of his sword. He gives chase and falls forward as you roll into his legs. Then you're up on your feet, and you drive your sword deep into his chest.

He climbs up onto his knees. His eyes are filled with pain, but his face registers only surprise. He has been killed for the second time.

You do not wait for him to fall. You grab your horse's reins and swing yourself up into the saddle. Riding furiously, you swoop up the Magic Helmet from its place beside the startled king of the giants. Then, before any giants can block your path, you grab the Wizard's arm and pull him up behind you. Then you gallop at full speed toward the gate of the kingdom.

No one gives chase. Your victory over Helvdor the Unconquerable has been too much of a shock for the giants.

With the helmet in your possession, you make it safely back through the forest to the castle, where King Henry eagerly awaits you.

Go on to PAGE 95 for your homecoming welcome:

The feasts go on for days, and the celebrations continue after the feasts have ended. Pageantry and parades celebrate your return of the Magic Helmet of Cornwall.

When the celebrations finally are over, King Henry calls you and your partner into his chambers.

"I sent you on an impossible quest," he says with a broad smile, the smile that has not left his face since your return, "and once more the Wizard and the Warrior have accomplished the impossible."

Then the King turns serious. "Now I must reward you for your triumph."

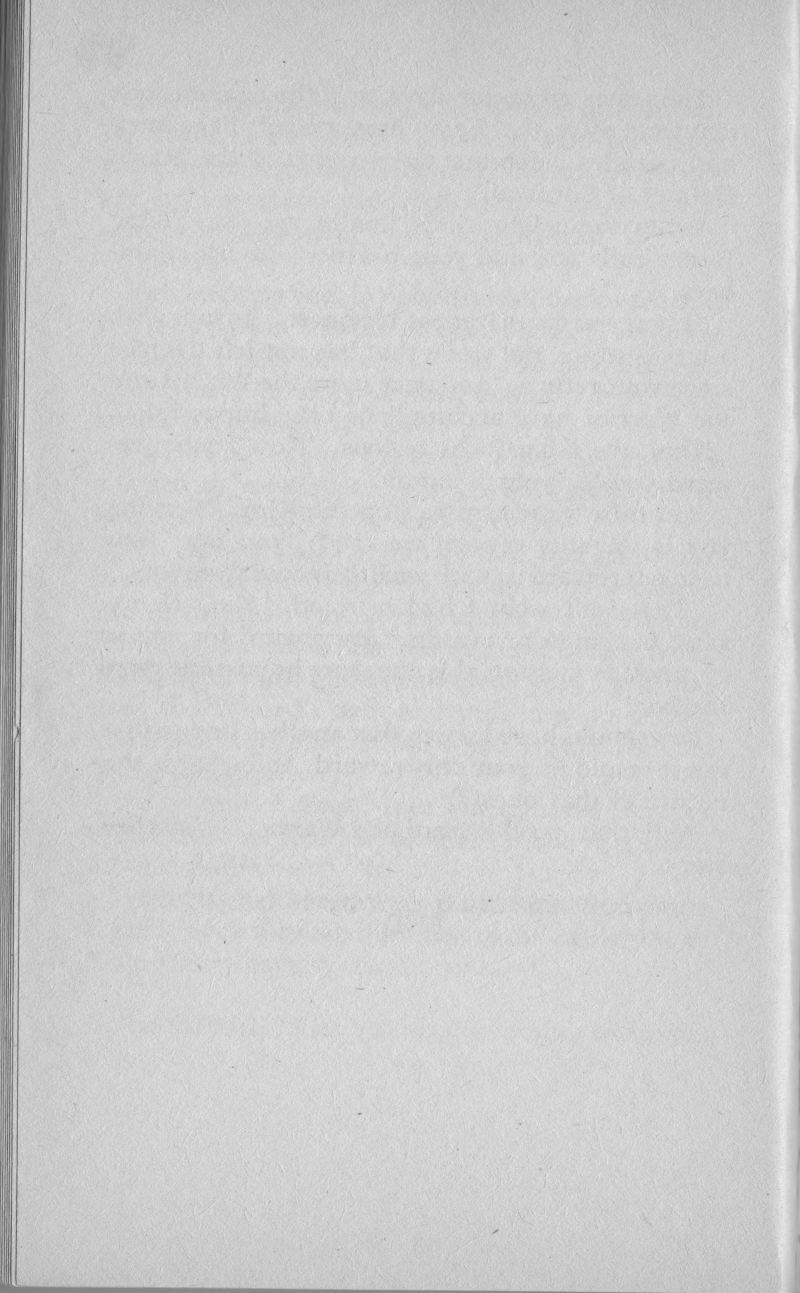
You raise your arm to stop the King. "Serving you is the only reward we need," you say. "You need not reward us with wealth or courtly favors."

"That isn't what I had in mind," King Henry says, his smile returning. "My reward for you is . . . another mission, this one more impossible than the last!"

You should have known that another impossible quest would be your only reward. And what is the nature of that quest?

Well, that, good Wizard and Warrior, is another story.

END



The Book of Spells

For use only by the WIZARD

As the Wizard, you may use any of these powerful spells. But remember, magic is mysterious and unpredictable. Use it wisely.

Spell #1: Shift Shape

This spell allows you to change shape, to assume the appearance of an animal, plant, or any object as long as it is *within view*. The spell can also be used to change the appearance of others. You cannot use this spell to change into the shape of something that is not within open view. The spell lasts for only a few minutes. It wears off suddenly, returning the subject to his or her former appearance.

Spell #2: Move Time Back

This spell allows you to move time backward. The spell can move time back one hour at the most. You can then change events by acting in a different manner during that hour. The drawback of this spell is that it's impossible to predict the precise amount of time that will be reversed—it can be anywhere from five minutes up to an hour.

Spell #3: Momentary Darkness

A sudden darkness that lasts up to five seconds is conjured up by this spell. The spell is most useful for taking someone by surprise. The darkness is total—but you must move quickly, since the darkness lasts such a short time.

Spell #4: Invisibility

A basic spell known even by apprentice sorcerers, you can use the Invisibility spell to become instantly and completely invisible.

A useful spell for fast escapes from desperate situations, it has one major drawback—the length of time the invisibility lasts cannot be predicted. It can last for as long as several weeks, or for as brief a period as a few seconds.

This spell can also be used to make an enemy or an ally invisible.

Spell #5: Invisible Shield

An invisible shield can be conjured up that completely encircles you and your companions. The shield cannot be

penetrated by any weapon, although fire can be used to destroy it. The shield lasts as long as the spellcaster wishes it to. But a major drawback to this spell is that the shield is immovable. If the user moves more than a few feet in any direction, the shield disappears.

Spell #6: Mirror Image

When this spell is cast upon a foe, it causes the foe to see everything in reverse as if he or she were looking into a mirror. Especially effective for duels, this spell is used to confuse one's enemies and throw them off balance. It lasts for about five minutes.

Spell #7: Sorcerer's Sleep

This spell can be used to put anyone standing within 100 feet of you to sleep immediately. The spell can work on one person or on 500 people at once. The major drawback to this spell is that the length of time the foe will sleep cannot be predicted. It may be just for a few seconds, or a few days.

Spell #8: The Wind

This spell conjures up a hurricane force wind, strong enough to blow away the toughest foe. A most dangerous spell, it must be used with the utmost care—for once the wind has been summoned, it cannot be controlled. It may turn against the spellcaster as easily as against the persons it is intended to defeat.

Spell #9: Merlin's Fire

This spell can be used to start a blazing fire on any object. It cannot be used on people or animals. The fire burns with intensity and cannot be extinguished until the spell is removed. This is a dangerous spell because the fire can spread out of control within seconds if the wind should change directions.

(Note: This spell is named for Merlin but there is no known account of his having used it.)

Spell #10: Visions

This spell will cause a foe to start seeing things, all kinds of things that exist only in his or her mind! An incapacitating spell, it will cause the foe to lose all sight of what is real and what is not. Advanced wizards can even control what visions a foe will see. A difficult spell to cast, because it sometimes backfires and affects the spellcaster rather than the enemy.

Spell #11: Shrink

This spell causes a foe or foes to shrink in size. Its effect is immediate and can be used on anyone—or anything—within 100 yards. As with other spells, it is impossible to predict exactly how small someone will become or how long he or she will stay that way.

Spell #12: Combat Magic

This spell allows you to combat a magic spell that has been used against you or against a companion. It will immediately dispel any magic, except that of a Grand Wizard. This spell requires such concentration and energy that after performing it the spellcaster must rest for one entire day. *The spell can be used only once during an adventure.*

**Now that you have studied your spells, you may
begin your adventure on PAGE 16.**

The Book of Weapons

For use only by
the WARRIOR

**As the Warrior, you may use all the
weapons listed here. But remember,
a great warrior uses wisdom
as well as might.**

Weapon #1: The Sword of the Golden Lion

An immortal sword that cannot be broken, the Sword of the Golden Lion was forged by the same swordsmith who forged the legendary Excalibur. The scabbard carries the inscription *Forever*, and a lion is etched in gold on the blade itself. You won the sword after a battle to the death against the Lancashire Sorcerer, and it has been at your side ever since.

YOU CARRY THE SWORD OF THE GOLDEN LION AT ALL TIMES. IN ADDITION, YOU MAY CHOOSE FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST THREE OTHER WEAPONS TO ACCOMPANY YOU.

Weapon #2: Battle-Axe

A favorite weapon of King Henry himself, the battle-axe can be useful when there is little room to wield a sword. With a head that weighs 20 pounds, the weight and the sharpness of its cutting edge make it a valued weapon for the knight who's strong enough to use it.

Weapon #3: Triple Crossbow

Designed especially for you by the Wizard, this crossbow has a span of three feet. It can propel three arrows at once in three different directions. This makes it especially useful in those situations when the Warrior fights alone against many.

Weapon #4: Lance

The eight-foot-long lance is an excellent weapon for battles on horseback. It is usually the weapon knights turn to when their sword has failed them. The major drawback to the lance is the fact that it can be broken.

Weapon #5: Morning Star

This weapon is guaranteed to leave its mark on a victim's memory. Sharp spikes jut out of a wooden ball, which is attached by a chain to a long wooden handle. The weapon

isn't effective against armor, but is an excellent choice for inflicting head wounds.

Weapon #6: Longbow with Poison-tipped Arrows

A simple weapon, except that the poison tips were prepared especially by the Wizard. Their potency never weakens, no matter how many victims the arrows claim.

Weapon #7: Flail

Used for whipping or choking, this is largely a weapon for desperate situations. It consists of a short wooden stick attached by a long cord to a long wooden handle. Major benefit of this weapon is that it is light and easier to carry than most weapons.

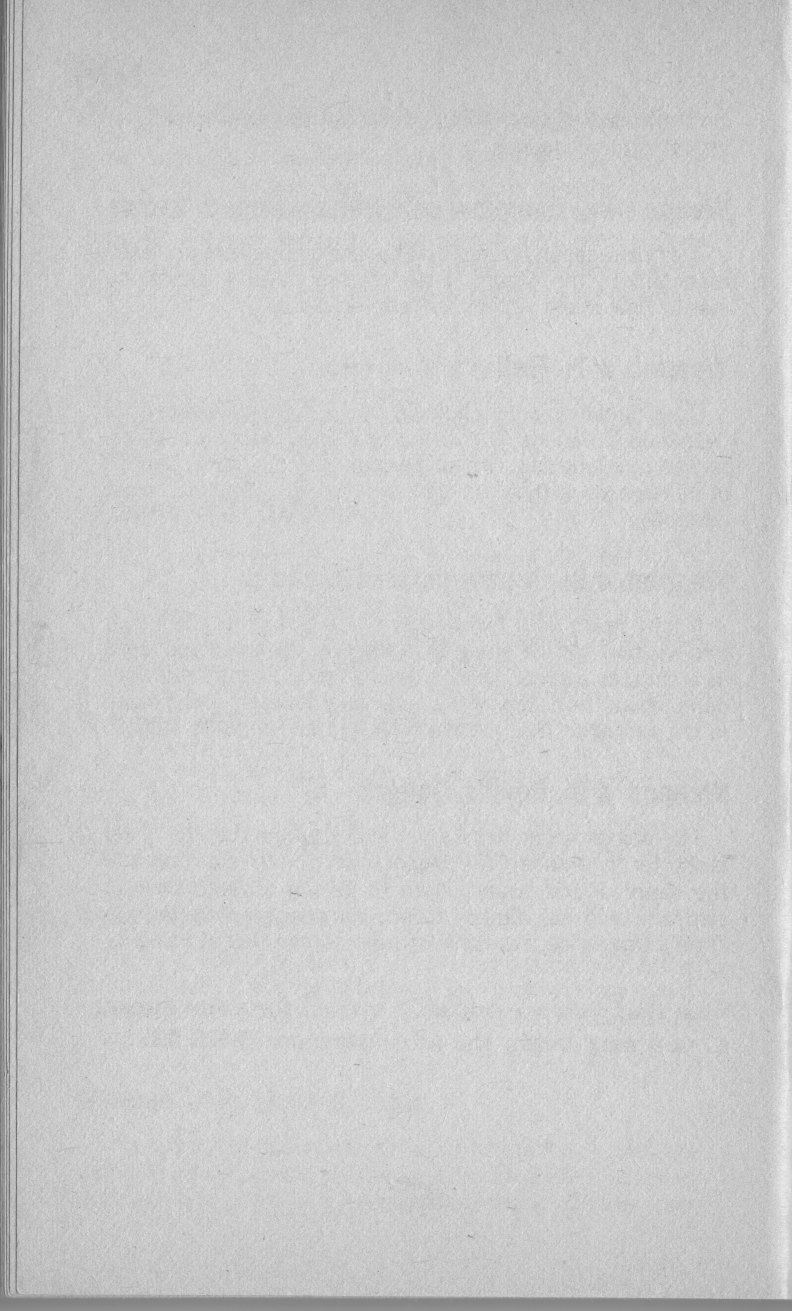
Weapon #8: Double-pointed Mace

A long mace with two deadly sharp points on the head, this weapon can be slung by a loop on the wrist and used as a club, as a spear, or as a deadly lance. Many have wondered about the history of this—the only double-pointed mace in the kingdom. But you have refused to reveal its origin.

Weapon #9: Devil's Dagger

This dagger resembles a small sword except that the blade is shorter and thinner. The dagger is worn on the side opposite the sword and is usually used to deliver a death blow to someone who has already fallen. Your dagger is called the Devil's Dagger because of your superhuman skill at using it.

**Now that you are suitably armed for your quest,
you may begin the adventure on PAGE 12.**



About the Author

R. L. Stine is the author of many books for children. Under the name Jovial Bob Stine, he is the editor of the teenage humor magazine *Bananas*. He lives in New York City with his wife and son.

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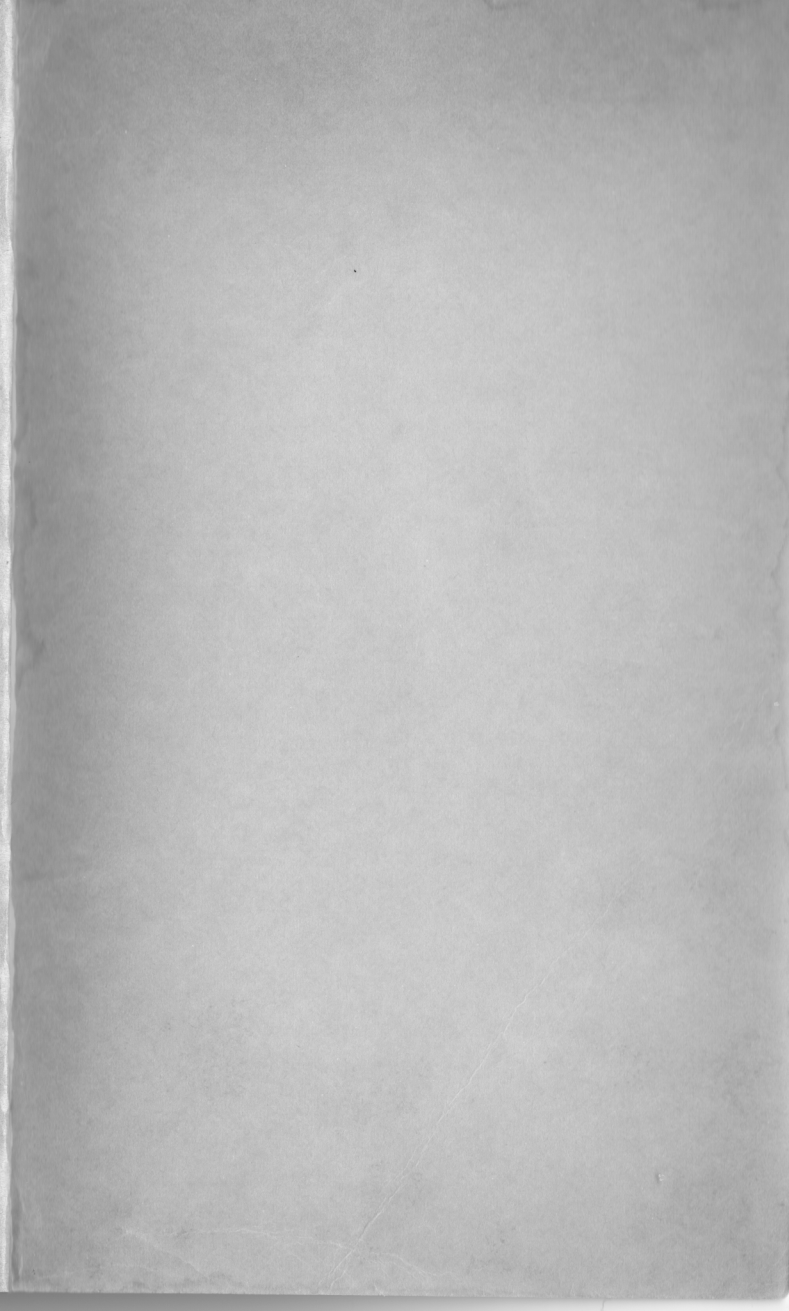
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Evil giants have stolen the Magic Helmet of Cornwall.

You must travel through the perilous Forest of Twisted Dreams and retrieve it—or the giants will use its awesome power against the kingdom.

YOU MUST CHOOSE NOW— WILL YOU BE THE WIZARD OR THE WARRIOR?

AS THE WIZARD, you will take with you the Book of Spells. You will be master of all its mysterious magic.

AS THE WARRIOR, you will take the Book of Weapons. Its complete arsenal is yours to use with your legendary skill.

Magic or the sword? Whichever you choose, play the game wisely and the glorious legend of the Wizard and the Warrior will live on.



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